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# PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH

NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

EDITED

BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.



IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.



VOL. VII.



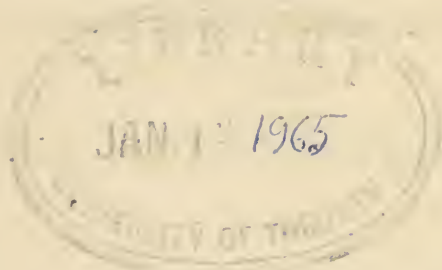
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KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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THOMAS BENSLEY, PRINTER,  
- Bolt Court, Fleet Street.



# REMARKS

ON THE

## FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

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THE transactions, contained in this historical drama, are comprised within the period of about ten months: for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots, under Archibald Earl Douglas, at Holmedon, or Halidown Hill, which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402: and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of St. Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403.

THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connexion of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in his speech. The complaint made by King Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

## Persons Represented.

---

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, }  
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, } *Sons to the King.*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, }  
SIR WALTER BLUNT, } *Friends to the King.*

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland:*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, his Son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife  
to Mortimer.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,  
Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *England.*

FIRST PART OF

# KING HENRY IV.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.*

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote <sup>1</sup>.  
No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood <sup>2</sup>;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,——  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,  
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;  
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear  
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
What yesternight our council did decree,  
In forwarding this dear expedience<sup>3</sup>.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welchwomen done<sup>4</sup>, as may not be,  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems then, that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious  
lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention, did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son

To beaten Douglas; and the earl of Athol  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son?

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts:—What think you,  
coz',

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-  
cester,

Malevolent to you in all aspécts;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this;  
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know<sup>s</sup>. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars;



and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

*P. Hen.* What! none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty<sup>6</sup>; let us be—*Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the



castle<sup>7</sup>. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance<sup>8</sup>?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Her.* Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps

with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits<sup>9</sup>?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat<sup>10</sup>, or a lugg'd bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

*P. Hen.* What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But Hal, I pry'thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration<sup>11</sup>; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS at a distance.*

*Fal.* <sup>12</sup> Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are

pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*P. Hen.* Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I prythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be be-

lieved, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallowen summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce<sup>13</sup>, to immask our noted outward garments.

*P. Hen.* But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;



And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will<sup>14</sup>.

*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WOR-  
 CESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and  
 others.*

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and tem-  
 perate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition<sup>15</sup>;  
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect,  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
 Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger  
 And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,  
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
 And majesty might never yet endure  
 The moody frontier of a servant brow<sup>16</sup>.  
 You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*

You were about to speak. [To *Northumberland.*

*North.* Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
 As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
 Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box<sup>17</sup>, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;——  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff<sup>18</sup>:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,



He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me: among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the  
mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd, indirectly, as I said;  
And, I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest retold,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach;  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
But with proviso, and exception,—  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those, that he did leave to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:

Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost be-  
lie him.

He never did encounter with Glendower;  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure with your son:—  
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.]*

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
 awhile;  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew  
 mad. [To Worcester.]

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death<sup>19</sup>,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-  
 claim'd,  
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

*North.* He was; I heard the proclamation;  
 And then it was, when the unhappy king  
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition;  
 From whence he, intercepted, did return  
 To be deposed, and, shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide  
mouth

-Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man;  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,  
That you a world of curses undergo;  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—  
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To show the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done.—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke<sup>20</sup>?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,  
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore I say,——

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear<sup>21</sup>.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,  
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives<sup>22</sup> him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities:  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,



But not the form of what he should attend.—  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,——

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;  
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holloa—Mortimer!

Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you,  
Cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,

When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood :  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—  
A plague upon't!—it is in Glocestershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;  
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*—  
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin,*—  
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive  
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again;  
We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i'faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,



Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To Northumberland.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head<sup>23</sup>:  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The<sup>24</sup> king will always think him in our debt;  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
Do make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)  
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: We shall thrive,  
I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Rochester. An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess <sup>25</sup>.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank <sup>26</sup> here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach:

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger<sup>27</sup>, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when, can'st tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the

chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow. master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks<sup>28</sup>, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it; I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquility; burgomasters, and great oneyers<sup>29</sup>; such as can hold in; such as will strike

sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

*Cham.* What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed<sup>30</sup>, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.*

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

*P. Hen.* Stand close.



*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Pains! Pains, and be hang'd! Pains!

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

*Fal.* Where's Pains, Hal?

*P. Hen.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek Pains.*]

*Fal.* I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; It could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Pains!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

*P. Hen.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bar.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.



*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*P. Hen.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* Well, we leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

*P. Hen.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

*1 Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand.

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains'

throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied knaves: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.*

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

*Poins.* Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, with the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other:  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

*Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.*

——But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true

and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmi'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared; I will set forward to-night.

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;  
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin:  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are  
these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho! Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* My horse,

My love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: But if you go——

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,

To play with mamnets<sup>31</sup>, and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have  
with me?



*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am o'horse-back, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:  
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe,  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady.* It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Eastcheap.* A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,  
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian<sup>32</sup>, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker<sup>33</sup>; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his



tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

*Enter Francis.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis.

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

*Poins.* [*Within* ] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the

sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated<sup>34</sup>, agate-ring, puke-stockings<sup>35</sup>, caddis-garter<sup>36</sup>, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Hen.* Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Fran.*]

My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that

damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*<sup>37</sup>, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son<sup>38</sup>! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing<sup>39</sup>: A plague of all cowards, I say still!

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy

kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

[*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd

by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; How was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,——

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

*Poins.* Pray God, you have not murder'd some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I



bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why they were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,——

*Poins.* Down fell their hose<sup>4c</sup>.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green<sup>4i</sup>, came at my back,

and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech <sup>42</sup>,——

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you



bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—  
Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—  
Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word,  
out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and  
can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff,  
you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick  
dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and  
roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art  
thou, to hack thy sword, as thou hast done; and then  
say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what  
starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee  
from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast  
thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that  
made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for  
me, to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the  
true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as  
Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not  
touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I  
was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of  
myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant  
lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord,  
lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess,  
clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—  
Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold! All the titles of  
good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be  
merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be,  
thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* My lord the prince,——

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man<sup>43</sup>, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* Prythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

*Peto.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-

grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers, and cold purses.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast<sup>++</sup>? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the

devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?——

*Poins.* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying <sup>45</sup>.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal.* O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps <sup>46</sup> more: Worcester is stolen away to-night: thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel <sup>47</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such

enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg.<sup>48</sup>

*Fal.* And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* This is excellent sport, i'faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher<sup>49</sup>, and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion: not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent;





# SHAKSPEARE



## KING HENRY IV. PART I.

Fal. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou  
 spendest thy time, but also how thou  
 art accompanied. Act II. Sc. 4.



of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where thou hast been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,<sup>50</sup> or a poulter's hare.

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry? whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

*P. Hen.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness<sup>51</sup>, that

swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox<sup>52</sup> with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm of him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy

Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord, my lord! —

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal! never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras<sup>53</sup>; — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*]

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.—

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men into this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here<sup>54</sup>; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

*Poins.* Falstaff?—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

*Poins.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what they be: read them.

*Poins.* Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score<sup>ss</sup>. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

*Poins.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and  
GLENOWER.

*Mor.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down?——

And, uncle Worcester :—A plague upon it !

I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur :

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale ; and, with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him<sup>56</sup> : at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets ; and, at my birth,  
The frame and the foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.



*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did  
tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens  
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions<sup>57</sup>; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,



Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there is no man speaks better  
Welsh:—

I will to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him  
mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com-  
mand

The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: Shall we divide  
our right,  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally :  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute,)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—  
Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn  
together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton  
here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours ;  
See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

*Mort.* Yea,  
 But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side ;  
 Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
 And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.*

Will not you ?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.*

Who shall say me nay ?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.*

Let me not understand you then,  
 Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you :  
 For I was train'd up in the English court :  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament ;  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick<sup>58</sup> turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend.  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by  
night:

I'll haste the writer, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant<sup>59</sup>,  
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
 That were his lackeys : I cry'd, humph,—and well,  
                   —go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
 Worse than a smoaky house :—I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,  
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
 In any summerhouse in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments<sup>60</sup> ; valiant as a lion,  
 And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
 When you do cross his humour ; 'faith, he does ;  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-  
                   blame ;  
 And since your coming hither, have done enough  
 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
 (And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government.

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd; Good manners be your  
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps; she will not part  
with you,  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—that she, and my  
aunt Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to his daughter in Welsh,  
and she answers him in the same.]*

*Glend.* She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry,  
One no persuasion can do good upon.

*[Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.]*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these swelling  
heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

*[Lady M. speaks.]*



I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*]

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes <sup>61</sup> lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing;  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy  
lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.



*Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and  
then the musick plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil understands  
Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical;  
for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie  
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in  
Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace! she sings.

*A Welsh Song sung by Lady M.*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear  
like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth;  
and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me;  
and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
 A good mouth-filling oath? and leave in sooth,  
 And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
 To velvet-guards<sup>62</sup>, and sunday-citizens.  
 Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher<sup>63</sup>. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glend.* Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then  
 To horse immediately.

*Mort.*

With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince of WALES, and Lords.*

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales  
 and I,

Must have some conference: But be near at hand,  
 For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,  
 For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate, and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean at-  
tempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would, I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder,  
Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession;  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
That men would tell their children, *This is he* ;  
Others would say, — *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits <sup>64</sup>,  
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his state ;  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;

Had his great name profaned with their scorns;  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative:  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey; and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
With vile participation; not an eye,  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do;  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession :  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,  
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes  
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes  
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,



Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much degenerate thou art.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so:  
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your un-thought of Harry, chance to meet:  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.



This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;  
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old:—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set  
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march:  
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you  
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made off, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse<sup>65</sup>: The inside of a church: Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp<sup>65</sup>.

*Bard.* Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen <sup>67</sup>? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

*Host.* Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin

his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What say'st thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord ; and I said, I heard your grace say so : And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is ; and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What ! he did not ?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune<sup>68</sup> ; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox<sup>69</sup> ; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee<sup>70</sup>. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing ? what thing ?

*Fal.* What thing ? why, a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it ; I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou ?

*Fal.* What beast ? why, an otter ?

*P. Hen.* An otter, sir John ! why an otter ?

*Fal.* Why ? she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so ; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou !



*P. Hen.* Thou say'st true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal ? a million : thy love is worth a million ; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph ?

*Bard.* Indeed, sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea ; if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Hen.* I say, 'tis copper : Darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*P. Hen.* And why not, as the lion ?

*Fal.* The king himself is to be fear'd, as the lion : Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break !

*P. Hen.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine ; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal<sup>71</sup>, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded ;



if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong<sup>72</sup>: Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of

the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph,——

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I,

Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.——

Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon :

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well :—

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father,—

*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick,

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been  
whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth  
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul remov'd, but on his own,  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—  
That with our small conjunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—  
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it;—Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good: for therein should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope:  
The very list <sup>73</sup>, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.*                                'Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion:  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair <sup>74</sup> of our attempt  
Brooks no division: It will be thought  
By some that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;  
And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side <sup>75</sup>  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use;—  
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprize,  
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom; with his help,  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not such a  
word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,  
lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: What more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,—

The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales<sup>76</sup>,  
And his comrâdes, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges <sup>77</sup>, that wing the wind;  
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse than the sun in  
 March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:  
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,  
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—  
 O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:  
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,



He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A publick Road near Coventry.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced garnet<sup>78</sup>. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck<sup>79</sup>. I press'd me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient<sup>80</sup>: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide be-

twixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

*Fal.* What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamp'd?

*West.* He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a  
feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and  
VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well;  
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives: .  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.  
I wonder much, being men of such great leading,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day:  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpets sound a parley.*]

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to  
God,

You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well: and even those some  
Envy your great deservings, and good name;  
Because you are not of our quality,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty: If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—  
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,  
You shall have your desires, with interest;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and, well we know, the  
king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears:



And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages:  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads



Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited:  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.  
Go to the king: and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall mine uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would, you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And, may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* 'Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.*

*Arch.* Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed  
brief<sup>s<sup>t</sup></sup>,

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed: if you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Gent.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies,) —  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Gent.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
there's Douglas,

And Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer's not there.

*Gent.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry  
Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath  
drawn

The special head of all the land together;—  
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Gent.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well op-  
pos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;  
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;  
Therefore, make haste; I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*K. Hen.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathise;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

*Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*  
How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to't? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again,

Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! how comes it  
then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chewet<sup>82</sup>, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help; what with the absent king;  
What with the injuries of a wanton time;  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;  
And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand:  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird <sup>83</sup>,  
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches;  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour, that may please the eye



Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of burly burly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head,—  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:  
Yet this, before my father's majesty,—  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love,



That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:  
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply;  
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life:  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his  
 charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them:  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and  
 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship<sup>84</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him  
 before his day. What need I be so forward with him  
 that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour  
 pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off  
 when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a

leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

### *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, sir  
Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best, he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:

For treason is but trusted like the fox;

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
All his offences live upon my head,  
And on his father's;—we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up  
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, What news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

*[Exit.]*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,—

By now forswearing that he is forsworn :  
He calls us, rebels, traitors ; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have  
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it ;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the  
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I, and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

*Ver.* No, by my soul ; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man ;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself ;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,

As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies; never did I hear  
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—  
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers,  
friends,  
Better consider what you have to do,  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking; Only this—  
Let each man do his best: and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now,—Esperance<sup>ss</sup>!—Percy!—and set on.—  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that musick let us all embrace:  
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.

*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought



Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*[They fight, and Blunt is slain.]*

*Enter* HOTSPUR.

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies  
the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full  
well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes:  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his  
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up and away;  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.]*



*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity<sup>86</sup>!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory<sup>87</sup> never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

*[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

*P. Hen.* What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

*[Throws it at him, and exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I do beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your  
help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this;  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P. John.* We breathe too long:—Come, cousin  
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

*P. Hen.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*P. Hen.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's  
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K. Hen.* The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys,  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear, thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

*[They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.]*

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee;  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

*[They fight; and Douglas flies.]*

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe a while:—  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;  
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gawsey. *[Exit King Henry.]*

*Enter* HOTSPUR.

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; And 'would to God,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall  
find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter* DOUGLAS; *he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls  
down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.*  
*HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my  
 flesh:——

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
 Must have a stop. O, I could prophecy,  
 But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
 Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
 And food for—— [Dies.

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well,  
 great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
 Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
 I could have better spar'd a better man.





SHAKSPEARE



KING HENRY IV. PART I.

*FAL. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise?  
I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.*  
ACT III.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity.  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day <sup>83</sup>,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;  
Till then, in blood my noble Percy lie. [Exit.

*Fal.* [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him,*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*P. John.* But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and  
bleeding  
Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man:  
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your  
father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him  
kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl  
or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee  
dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is  
given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out  
of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an  
instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.  
If I may be believ'd, so; if not, let them, that  
should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own  
heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this  
wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and  
would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my  
sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I  
heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*[A retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.]*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

*[Exit, bearing off the body.]*

## SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?



Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon  
 too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he  
 saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
 Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;  
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,  
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
 The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,  
 I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
 This honourable bounty shall belong:  
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
 His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest  
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

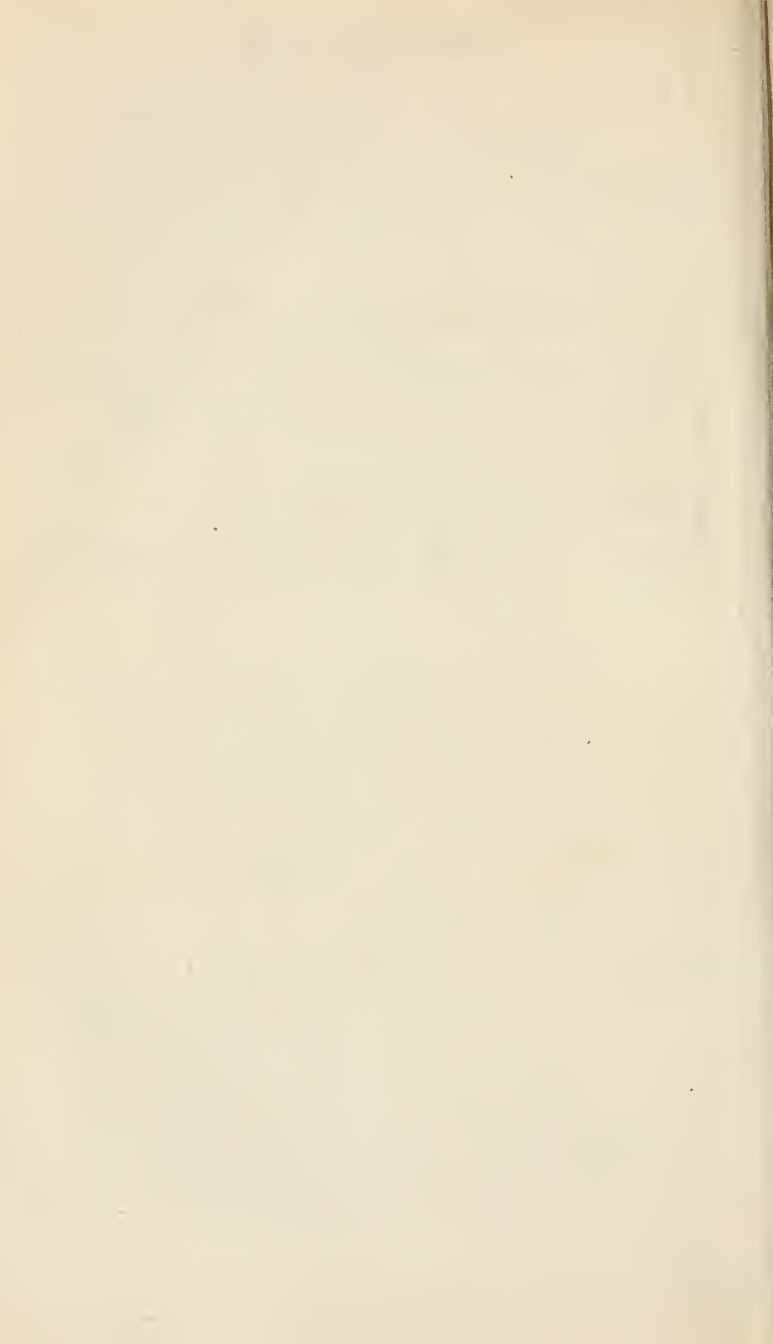
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*





## ANNOTATIONS

UPON

### THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents—]* That is,

Let us soften peace to rest a while without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil*

*Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.]*

Mr. M. Mason supplied this reading, and Mr. Stevens adopted it in his last edition: not, however, without confessing that he looked upon it as very far-fetch'd; in which, I believe, all his friends will agree with him. On a former occasion he suggested that we should read *entrants*, with, in my opinion, a far greater appearance of plausibility. *Entrance* is the word in all the old copies. It is true this mode of expression is very licentious, but is it any thing strange to find licentiousness of expression in Shakespeare? The passage, as it always has stood, may easily be construed into the simple meaning of “no longer shall the land smear her mouth with the blood

of her own children." At all events, let what reading may be right, it is not in my power to persuade myself that *Erinnys* (or the Fury of Discord) is not wrong.

<sup>3</sup> — *expedience*] for expedition.

<sup>4</sup> *By those Welshwomen done*——] Thus Holinshed: "The shameful villainy used by the Welsh women towards the dead carcasses, was such as "honest ears would be ashamed to hear."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know*.—] The prince's objection to the question seems to be, that Falstaff had asked in the *night* what was the time of *day*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty*.] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonshine; they could not steal the fair day-light. I have ventured to substitute *looty*; and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *looty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchase of honest labour and industry by day.

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> — *my old lad of the castle*;] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. An ingenious correspondent hints to me, that the passage above quoted from our author proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the castle* seems

to have a reference to Oldcastle. Besides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promises to continue his story with Sir John in it, should he say, “Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I’ll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt.*—The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth’s reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth’s marrying princess Catharine of France. The scene opens with prince Henry’s robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades.—From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion, Shakspeare might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his history of Henry the Fifth; and consequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcastle, till some descendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name.

THEOBALD.

——— *my old lad of the castle;*] This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expres-

sion that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this; one Sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church History*——“ Stage-poets have themselves been very  
 “ bold with, and others very merry at, the memory  
 “ of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a  
 “ boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to  
 “ boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved  
 “ the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is  
 “ substituted buffoon in his place.” Book 4. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered whom it belonged to: we have a little instance in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very respectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned physician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find contested at the beginning of *Henry V.* Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs was not the work of our poet.

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> —a buff jerkin *a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer,

it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return, whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *For obtaining suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender.

JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> —*gib cat*,] *Gib cat* is *he cat*. *As melancholy as a gib cat*, is a proverb in Ray's collection.

<sup>11</sup> —*damnable iteration*—] For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not understand. In the last speech a text is very indecently and abusively applied, to which Falstaff answers, *thou hast damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>12</sup> In former editions:

Fal. *Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

*Enter Poins.*

Poins. *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a match.*] Mr. Pope has given us one signal observation in his preface to our author's works. "Throughout his plays," says he, "had all the speeches been

“ printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.” But how fallible the most sufficient critic may be, the passage in controversy is a main instance. As signal a blunder has escaped all the editions here, as any through the whole set of plays. Will any one persuade me, Shakespeare could be guilty of such an inconsistency, as to make Poins at his first entrance want news of Gadshill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?—No; Falstaff, seeing Poins at hand, turns the stream of his discourse from the prince, and says, “ Now shall we know, whether Gadshill has set a match for us;” and then immediately falls into railing and invectives against Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falstaff! And Poins, who knew well his abusive manner, seems in part to overhear him: and so soon as he has returned the prince’s salutation, cries, by way of answer, “ What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir Jack Sack-and-Sugar?”

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has fastened on an observation made by Mr. Pope, hyperbolical enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place, the speech, like a thousand others, not being so characteristic as to be infallibly applied to the speaker. Theobald’s triumph over the other editors might have been abated by a confession, that the first edition gave him at least a glimpse of the emendation.

JOHNSON.



<sup>13</sup> —*for the nonce*,] That is, as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was very frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose, came *for the nunc*, and so *for the nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *a-non*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in-tunc*.

TYRRWHITT.

<sup>14</sup> This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

JOHNSON.

<sup>15</sup> *I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition*;] *i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural *disposition*.

<sup>16</sup> —*Frontier*—] was anciently used for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595. “ Then “ on the edges of their bolster’d hair, which standeth “ crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over “ their faces,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>17</sup> —*pouncet-box*—] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut



with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

<sup>18</sup> *Took it in snuff:*] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger and a powder taken up the nose.

<sup>19</sup> —*an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

<sup>20</sup> —*this canker, Bolingbroke?*] This canker, i. e. this canker-rose, or wild-rose. The canker-rose is the dog rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton.

<sup>21</sup> *On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.*] On a bridge laid across, of no more width of tread, than the thickness of a spear.

<sup>22</sup> *By heaven, methinks, &c.*] Gildon, a critic of the size of Dennis, calls this speech, without any ceremony, “a ridiculous rant and absolute madness.” Mr. Theobald talks in the same strain. The French critics had taught these people just enough to understand where Shakspeare had transgressed the rules of the Greek tragic writers; and, on those occasions, they are full of the poor frigid cant of fable, sentiment, diction, unities, &c. But it is another thing to get to Shakspeare’s sense: to do this required a little of their own. For want of which, they could not see that the poet here uses an allegorical covering to express a noble and very natural thought.—Hotspur, all on fire, exclaims against huckstering and bartering for honour, and dividing it into shares. O! says he, could I be sure that when I had purchased

honour I should wear her dignities without a rival—  
what then? Why then,

*By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap*

*To pull bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:*

*i. e.* though some great and shining character, in the most elevated orb, was already in possession of her, yet it would, methinks, be easy by greater acts, to eclipse his glory, and pluck all his honours from him;

*Or dive into the bottom of the deep,*

*And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:*

*i. e.* or what is still more difficult, though there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite sunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illustrious than ever. So that we see, though the expression be sublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. Euripides at least thought so, when he put the very same sentiment, in the same words, into the mouth of Eteocles, “I will not, madam, disguise  
“ my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would de-  
“ scend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that  
“ by that price I could obtain a kingdom.”

WARBURTON.

Though I am very far from condemning this speech with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which the learned commentator has endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as

the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the hasty motion of turbulent desire; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

<sup>23</sup> —*by raising of a head:*] A head is a body of forces.

<sup>24</sup> *The king will always, &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received, obligations too great to be satisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

<sup>25</sup> —*out of all cess*] The Oxford Editor not understanding this phrase, has altered it to—*out of all case*. As if it were likely that a blundering transcriber should change so common a word as *case* for *cess*: which, it is probable, he understood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be, *out of all cess*. WARBURTON.

<sup>26</sup> —*dank*—] i. e. *wet, rotten*.

<sup>27</sup> —*two razes of ginger*—] As our author in several passages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to distinguish it from the *raze* mentioned here.

The former signifies no more than a single root of it: but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it.

THEOBALD.

<sup>28</sup> *St. Nicholas' clarks*,——] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of Scholars: and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas's clarks*. WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were so called, or *St. Nicholas's knights*.

“ A mandrake grown under some *heavy tree*,

“ There, where *St. Nicholas's knights* not long  
before

“ Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee.”

*Glareanus Vadianus's* Panegyric upon  
*Tom. Coryat*.

DR. GRAY.

In the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda* I met with the following passage, which confirms Dr. Gray's observation. Piston, a servant, who is taken in the act of picking a dead man's pocket, apologizes for himself in this manner:

———“ through pure good will,

“ Seeing he was going towards heaven, I thought

“ To see if he had a passport from *St. Nicholas* or  
not.”

Again in Shirley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633.

“ I think yonder come prancing down the hills from

“ Kingston, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clarks*.”

Again in *The Hollander*,

——“ to wit, divers books, and *St. Nicholas's clarks*.”

So in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

—“ We are prevented;—

“ *St. Nicholas's clerks* are stepp'd up before us.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>29</sup> ——— *burgo-masters, and great oneyers*;] “ Per-  
haps, *oneraires*, trustees, or commissioners;” says  
Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any  
such construction, I am at a loss to know. To Mr.  
Pope's second conjecture, “ of cunning men that look  
“ sharp and aim well,” I have nothing to reply se-  
riously: but choose to drop it. The reading which I  
have substituted, I owe to the friendship of the inge-  
nious Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. A *moneyer* is an offi-  
cer of the mint, which makes coin, and delivers out  
the king's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for ban-  
quers, or those that make it their trade to turn and  
return money. Either of these acceptations will ad-  
mirably square with our author's context.

THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emen-  
dation, and is not undeservedly adopted by Dr. War-  
burton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*,  
not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I  
know not however whether any change is necessary;  
Gads-hill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with  
no mean wretches, but *with burgomasters and great  
ones*, or as he terms them in merriment by a cant  
termination, *great oneyers*, or *greatone-éers*, as we  
say *privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer*. This is I fancy  
the whole of the matter.

JOHNSON.

<sup>30</sup> —*we have the receipt of fern-seed,—*] *Fern* is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leaf so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that *fern* was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for a solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itself, they ascribed to *fern-seed* many strange properties, some of which the rustick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.

JOHNSON.

<sup>31</sup> —*mammets—*] Puppets.

<sup>32</sup> —*Corinthian—*] A wench.

<sup>33</sup> —*under-skinker—*] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table.

JOHNSON.

<sup>33</sup> —*nott-pated—*] Means having the hair cut round and short. Such oxen and sheep are called *nott* in some counties, as, by nature, have no horns.

<sup>35</sup> —*puke-stocking—*] In Barret's *Alvearie*, an old Latin and English dictionary, printed 1580, I find a *puke* colour explained as being a colour between russet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

<sup>36</sup> *Caddis-garter—*] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarse *ferret*. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639.



“ ————— dost hear,

“ My honest *caddis-garters*.”

This is an address to a servant.

STEEVENS.

For a proof that Mr. Steevens is right, in saying *Caddis* signified *coarse ferret*, one instance may still be brought. The charity boys at Exeter call by the name of a *Caddis*, the string of green or red *ferret* which is tied round their blue caps as a distinction of the two schools.

<sup>37</sup> *Rivo says the drunkard.*] This was a cant word of the English taverns.

<sup>38</sup> *Didst thou never see Titan, &c.—that melted at the sweet tale of the son!*] The former editions read SUN: in either way the sense is obscure. This absurd reading possesses all the copies in general; and though it has passed through such a number of impressions, is nonsense; which we may pronounce to have arisen at first from the inadvertence, either of transcribers, or the compositors at press. 'Tis well known, Titan is one of the poetical names of the sun; but we have no authority from fable for Titan's melting away at his own sweet tale, as Narcissus did at the reflection of his own form. The poet's meaning was certainly this: Falstaff enters in a great heat, after having been robbed by the Prince and Poins in disguise: and the Prince seeing him in such a sweat, makes the following simile upon him: “ Do but look  
“ upon that compound of grease;—his fat drips away  
“ with the violence of his motion, just as *butter* does

“ with the heat of the *sun-beams* darting full upon  
“ it.”

THEOBALD.

*Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the sweet tale of the sun?*] This perplexes Mr. Theobald; he calls it nonsense, and, indeed, having made nonsense of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted butter*. But the common reading is right: and all that wants restoring is a parenthesis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) should be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter*. But the Oxford Editor goes still further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the sun is figuratively represented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or *amorous*.      WARBURTON.

I have left this passage as I found it, desiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furnish himself with some proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever used to signify *amorous*, before he pronounces this emendation to be just. I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to decide in favour of any violent proceedings against the text, must own, that the reader who looks for sense as the words stand at present, must be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? In the oldest copy the contested part of this passage appears thus:

——*at the sweet tale of the sonnes.*

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the sweet tale of his son*, i. e. of Phaëton, who by a fine story won on the easy nature of his father so far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day.

STEEVENS.

<sup>39</sup> *I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing.*] In the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of psalmody.

WARBURTON.

<sup>40</sup> *Their points being broken—Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phrase for letting down the hose, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruss a point*. JOHNSON.

<sup>41</sup> *Kendal-Green—*] Kendal in Westmoreland, as I have been told, is a place famous for dying cloths, &c. with several very bright colours.

<sup>42</sup> *Tallow-keech—*] In some parts of the kingdom a *cake* or *mass* of wax or tallow is called a keech.

<sup>43</sup> *—as much as will make him a royal man,—*] I believe here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and send him away.

JOHNSON.

The *noble*, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, is of the value of 6s. 8d. the *real* or *royal* 10s.

<sup>44</sup> ——— *bombast?*] Is the stuffing of clothes.

JOHNSON.

<sup>45</sup> ——— *pistol*—] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. Pistols were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>46</sup> ——— *blue-caps*—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>47</sup> — *You may buy land now, &c.*] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw a change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away.

JOHNSON.

<sup>48</sup> *Well, here's my leg,*] i. e. my obeisance to my father.

<sup>49</sup> — *a mitcher,*] i. e. a truant. The word is still in use in Devonshire.

<sup>50</sup> — *rabbet-sucker,*—] is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung

up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender.

JOHNSON.

<sup>51</sup> ——— *bolting-hutch*—] To *bolt* is to separate the flower from the bran. The large wooden trough into which the flour passes from the *bolter* is called *the hutch*.

<sup>52</sup> *Manning-tree ox*—] Manning-tree in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for the richness of the pastures. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, I suppose, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity.

STEEVENS.

<sup>53</sup> *Go hide thee behind the arras*.—] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery; if Falstaff had not been hidden he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched.

JOHNSON.

In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Such are those which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>54</sup> *The man, I do assure you, is not here*,] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse for the absence of Falstaff, than by obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance.

STEEVENS.

<sup>55</sup> *I know his death will be a march of twelve-*



score,] i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards.

<sup>56</sup> — *at my nativity, &c.*] Most of these prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakspeare. Holinshed says only, “ Strange wonders happened at  
“ the nativity of this man; for the same night he was  
“ born, all his father’s horses in the stable were  
“ found to stand in blood up to their bellies.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>57</sup> *Diseased nature*—] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur’s temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error.

JOHNSON.

<sup>58</sup> — *a brazen canstick*—] *Candlestick* was anciently written *canstick*. Heywood and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner.

<sup>59</sup> — *of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. See *Hall’s Chronicle*, fo. 20.

POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, written by Phaer, the old translator of *Virgil*, Owen Glendower is introduced speaking of himself,

“ And for to set us hereon more agog,  
“ A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)  
“ Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,  
“ Whom Merlin doth a *mouldwarpe* ever call,  
“ Accurs’d of God, that must be brought in  
thrall,



“ By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,  
 “ Which should divide his kingdom them among.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>60</sup> —————*profited*

*In strange concealments;*] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

<sup>61</sup> *Upon the wanton rushes lay you down.*] It was anciently the custom to cover the rooms with rushes as we now do with carpets.

<sup>62</sup> —*velvet guards,*—] “ The cloaks, doublets,” &c. (says Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) “ were “ guarded with *velvet guards*, or else laced with “ costly lace.” Speaking of women’s gowns, he says, “ they must be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, “ every guard four or six fingers broad at the least.”

So in a comedy called *Histriomastix*, 1610,

“ Out on these *velvet guards*, and black-lac’d  
 “ sleeves,

“ These simpering fashions simply followed.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>63</sup> *’Tis the next way to turn tailor or red breast teacher.*] Mr. Barrington says that *proud tailor* is still a name in Warwickshire for the goldfinch. The meaning then of this passage is that Percy, to express his contempt for singing, as he had done before for music, says, ‘ it is the next way,’ or *it is but one step removed* from the employment of those who teach birds to whistle.

<sup>64</sup> —*bavin*—] is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out.

<sup>65</sup> — *brewer's horse*.] I suppose a *brewer's horse* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. Perhaps the allusion is to the taper form of this machine. STEEVENS.

<sup>66</sup> — *the knight of the burning lamp*.] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himself the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make sport with it among those whom it is his interest to please, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can use with freedom. JOHNSON.

<sup>67</sup> — *dame Partlet*—] Dame Partlet is the name given to a hen, in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*.

<sup>68</sup> — *a stew'd prune*—] Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse*, 1596, describes a bawd thus: “ This is shee that laies wait  
“ at all the carriers for wenches new come up to  
“ London; and you shall know her dwelling by a  
“ *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window, and two or  
“ three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in  
“ her shop.”

<sup>69</sup> — *drawn-fox*—] The hunters draw a dead fox over the ground to exercise their hounds; hence the allusion of the poet: because when the dogs have tried their uttermost they cannot find the animal they were hunting after.

<sup>70</sup> — *maid Marian*—] Maid Marian is a man

dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

JOHNSON.

In the ancient *Songs of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote many passages in my old MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:

“ Good Robin Hood was living then,

“ Which now is quite forgot,

“ And so was fayre *maid Marian*,” &c.

PERCY.

<sup>71</sup> —*imbossed*—] is *swoln*, *puffy*. JOHNSON.

<sup>72</sup> —*you will not pocket up wrong*:] Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost. I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries*, to which the prince alludes. JOHNSON.

<sup>73</sup> —*list*—] is the boundary or extreme edge.

<sup>74</sup> —*hair of our attempt*.] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say, something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency.

JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expression which very well supports Dr. Johnson's first explanation.

“ ———They say, I am of the right *hair*, and  
“ indeed they may stand to't.”

Again, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher,

“ ——— since he will be

“ An ass against the *hair*. STEEVENS.

<sup>75</sup> —*we of the offering side*—] The *offering side* may signify that party, which, acting in opposition to the law, strengthens itself only by *offers*; increases its numbers only by *promises*. The king can raise an army, and continue it by threats of punishment; but those, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whose influence arises from *offers*, must keep danger out of sight.

<sup>76</sup> *The nimble-footed map-cap prince of Wales*.] Shakspeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince, “ he was passing swift in  
“ running, insomuch that he with two other of his  
“ lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would  
“ take a wild-duck, or doe, in a large park.” STEEVENS.

<sup>77</sup> *All plum'd like estridges*,] All dressed like the the prince himself, the *ostrich feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. GRAY.

<sup>73</sup> —*souced gurnet*.—] This is a dish mentioned in that very laughable poem call'd *The Counter-scuffle*, 1658,

“ Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,  
“ Well stuff'd with sage, and for the smack  
“ Daintily strew'd with pepper black,

“ *Souc'd gurnet*.”

*Souc'd gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

“ Punk! you *souc'd gurnet!*” STEEVENS.

<sup>79</sup> —a *struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck.*] The repetition of the same image disposed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in opposition to all the copies, a *struck deer*, which is indeed a proper expression, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakspeare, perhaps, wrote a *struck sorel*, which, being negligently read by a man not skilled in hunter's language, was easily changed to *struck fowl*. *Sorel* is used in *Love's Labour's lost* for a young deer; and the terms of the chase were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>80</sup> —an *old-faced ancient:*] is an old standard mended with a different colour.

STEEVENS.

<sup>81</sup> —*this sealed brief,*] *brief* is letter, German.

<sup>82</sup> *Peace, chewet, peace,*] a *chewet*, Mr. Theobald says, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pie.

<sup>83</sup> *As that ungente gull, the cuckoo's bird—*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

JOHNSON.

<sup>84</sup> —and *bestride me—*] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendship for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

STEEVENS.

<sup>85</sup> —*Esperance!*—] This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See *Hall's Chronicle*, folio 22.

POPE.

<sup>86</sup> —*here's no vanity!*—] In our author's time the negative, in a common speech, was used to design,

ironically, the excess of a thing. Thus Ben Jónson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says,

“ O here’s no foppery! .

“ ’Death, I can endure the stocks better.”

Meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other places. But the Oxford Editor not apprehending this, has altered it to *there’s vanity*.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>87</sup> *Turk Gregory*—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his history, had made this Gregory so odious, that I don’t doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>88</sup> —*so fat a deer*—] The reading of the first edition, and of the other quartos, is *fair*, the first folio has *fat*, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been forborn.  
JOHNSON.





KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



# REMARKS

ON THE

## SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

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THE transactions, comprised in this history, take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed, and closes with the death of K. Henry IV. and the coronation of Henry V.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom, by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true, for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true, but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifier is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifier. This character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity, and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce con-

tempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff.

JOHNSON.



## Persons Represented.

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KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King*  
HENRY V. }

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence.*

PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards } *his Sons.*  
(2 HENRY V.) *Duke of Bedford.*

PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloucester, afterwards }  
(2 HENRY V.) *Duke of Gloucester.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } *of the King's Party.*

GOWER. HARCOURT,  
*Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.*

*A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.*

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND;

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York;*

LORD MOWBRAY; LORD HASTINGS;

LORD BARDOLPH; SIR JOHN COLEVILE;

TRAVERS and MORTON; *Domesticks of Northum-*  
*berland.*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and PAGE.

POINS and PETO; *Attendants on Prince Henry.*

SHALLOW and SILENCE; *Country Justices.*

DAVY, *Servant to Shallow.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-  
CALF; *Recruits.*

FANG and SNARE; *Sheriff's Officers.*

RUMOUR. A Porter.

*A Dancer; Speaker of the Epilogue.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.

HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

*Lords and other Attendants: Officers, Soldiers, Mes-*  
*sengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

SCENE, *England.*

## INDUCTION.

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*Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour<sup>1</sup>, painted full of Tongues<sup>2</sup>.*

*Rum.* Open your ears; For which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride:  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And so much matter<sup>3</sup>? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well-known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before king Harry's victory;  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone<sup>4</sup>,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's  
tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
wrongs. [Exit.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The same. The Porter before the Gate.*

*Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* WHO keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.* Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*Bard.* Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? every minute  
now

Should be the father of some stratagem:  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose  
And bears down all before him.

*Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will!

*Bard.* As good as heart can wish:—  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir  
John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*North.* How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I  
sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

*Tra.* My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd, Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard, A gentleman almost forespent with speed, That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse: He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury. He told me, that rebellion had bad luck, And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold: With that he gave his able horse the head, And, bending forward, struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head<sup>s</sup>; and, starting so, He seem'd in running to devour the way, Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

*Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what;—  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,  
Give then such instances of loss?



*Bard.*

Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow<sup>6</sup>, that had stol'n  
 The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter* MORTON.

*North.* Yea, this man's brow<sup>7</sup>, like to a title-leaf,  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
 So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
 To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look<sup>8</sup>, so woe-begone,  
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
 This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and  
 thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
But, for my lord your son,——

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true<sup>9</sup>, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead<sup>10</sup>.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe  
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,  
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down  
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
'Gan vail his stomach<sup>11</sup>, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physick; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life <sup>12</sup>,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice  
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach  
The ragged'st hour <sup>13</sup> that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead <sup>14</sup>!

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my  
lord.

*Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You <sup>15</sup> cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,  
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop :  
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :  
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable  
 Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;  
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be ?

*Bard.* We all that are engaged to this loss,  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one ;  
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;  
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth ; body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble  
 lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—  
 The <sup>16</sup> gentle archbishop of York is up,  
 With well-appointed powers ; he is a man,  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corps,  
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight :  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:  
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;  
Tells <sup>17</sup> them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
Go in with me; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:  
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;  
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*London. A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing  
his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my  
water <sup>18</sup>?



*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake<sup>19</sup>, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now<sup>20</sup>: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the sattin for my short cloak, and slops?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Architophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand <sup>21</sup>, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up <sup>22</sup>, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* <sup>23</sup> I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,——

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of

me, hang me; if thou takest leave thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears: and I care not, if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd

wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord?

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* <sup>24</sup> A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel <sup>25</sup>.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell <sup>26</sup>: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times <sup>27</sup>, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and bath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.



*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again<sup>28</sup>. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last for ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses<sup>29</sup>. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle<sup>30</sup>.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*York.* *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied,  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves,  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

*Bard.* The question then, lord Hastings, standeth  
thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him we may.

*Bard.* Ay, marry there's the point;  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand:  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with  
hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death;

And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war ;—  
Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,)  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist  
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up,) should we survey  
The plot of situation, and the model ;  
Consent upon a sure foundation ;  
Question surveyors ; know our own estate ;  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men :  
Like one, that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth,)

Should be stillborn, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;

I think, we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*Bard.* What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord  
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads; one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths  
together,

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces  
hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:  
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* <sup>31</sup> Let us on;



And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*  
*And take thou this!* O thoughts of men accurst!  
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set  
on?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be  
gone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*London. A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her; and  
SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?

*Fang.* It is enter'd.

*Host.* Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O lord, ay; good master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither woman, man, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice <sup>32</sup>;—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.——

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

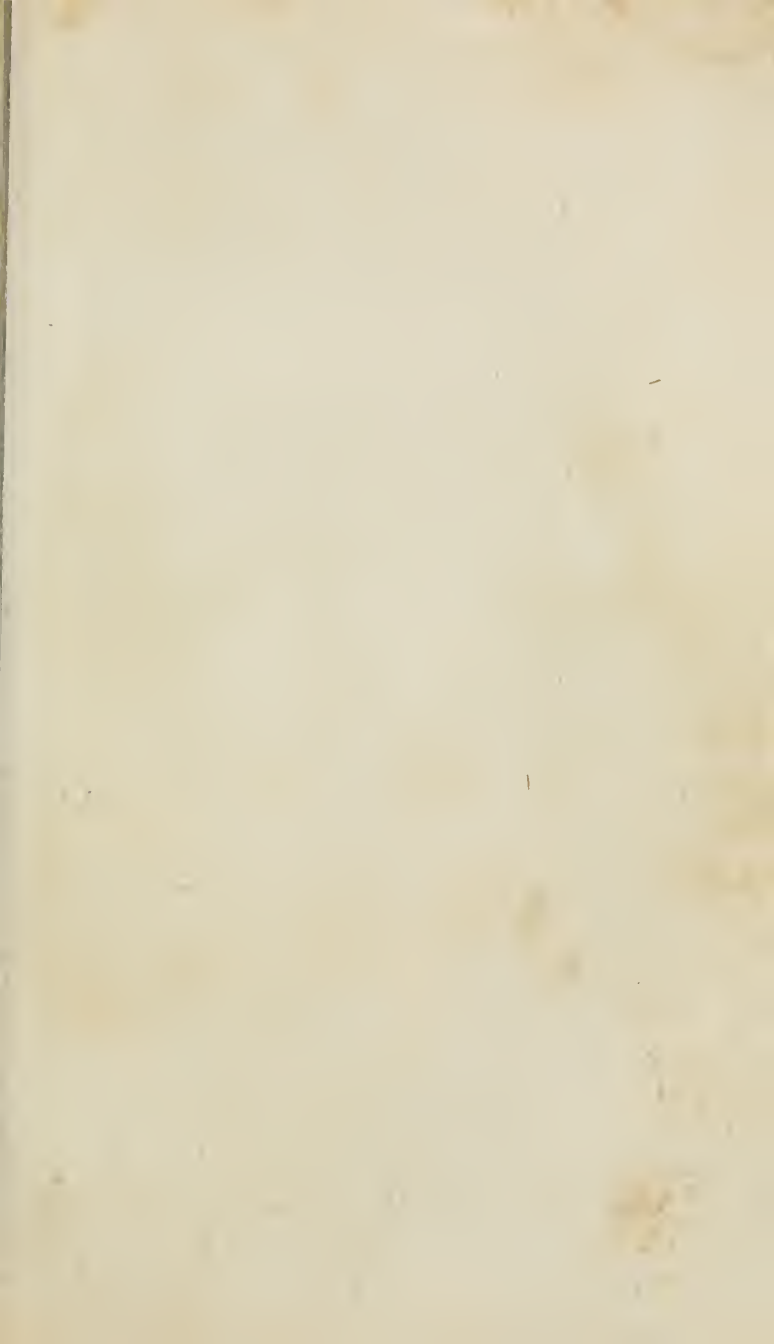
Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bas-



# SHAKSPEARE



## KING HENRY IV. — PT II.

Hal. He hath eaten me out of house and  
home: he hath put all my substance  
into that fat belly of his. Act II. Sc. 1.



tardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's! O thou honey-seed rogue<sup>33</sup>! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallion; you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice. attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and



home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet<sup>34</sup>, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

*Host.* Yea, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>35</sup> without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.      [*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower; What news?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales  
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;—

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more  
words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must  
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of  
my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for  
thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of  
the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work<sup>36</sup>,  
is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these  
fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou  
canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there  
is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy  
face, and 'draw thy action: Come, thou must not be  
in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come,  
come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty  
nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good  
earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be  
a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my  
gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay  
me all together?

*Fal.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To Bardolph.*] hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No: fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently:  
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—'This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* 'Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got: for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity,

and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

*Poins.* How ill it follows after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father



is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Poins.* The reason?

*P. Hen.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* 'Save your grace!

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream<sup>37</sup>, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.—  
There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

*P. Hen.* Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas<sup>38</sup>, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physi-

cian: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you how he writes.

*Poins.* [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

*Poins.* *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace!

*Poins.* *I will imitate the honourable Roman*<sup>39</sup> *in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank <sup>40</sup>?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

*P. Hen.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*]  
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*Poins.* Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* *Lady* PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady-N.* I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.  
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous  
him!  
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,



(Second to none, unseconded by you,) To look upon the hideous god of war In disadvantage ; to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem defensible:—so you left him : Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong, To hold your honour more precise and nice With others, than with him ; let them alone ; The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong : Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers, To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the  
king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back:——

I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise <sup>41</sup>; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Despatch:—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis<sup>42</sup>: It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* HOSTESS and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

*Host.* I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

*Dol.* Better than I was. Hem!

*Host.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

*Enter* FALSTAFF, singing.

*Fal.* *When Arthur first in court—*Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, Mrs. Doll?

*Host.* Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*Dol.* Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal.* Your *brooches*, *pearls*, and *owches* <sup>43</sup>:—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:—

*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*To Dol.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here! I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?—

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then:—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater<sup>44</sup>, he; you may stroke him as gentle as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

*Pist.* 'Save you, sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating,



lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me<sup>45</sup>. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain? Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here<sup>46</sup>?

*Host.* Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia<sup>47</sup>,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis<sup>48</sup>: Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—  
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.  
[*Laying down his sword.*

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif<sup>49</sup>: What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

*Fal.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—— [Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

# SHAKSPEARE



## KING HENRY IV. PART II.

Dol. *I pray thee, I pray thee, do not draw.*

Fal. *Get you down stairs.* \_\_\_\_\_

*Drawing & driving Fal out.*  
*Act II. Sc. 1.*





*Host.* Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out of doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Musick.*

*Page.* The musick is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

*Dol.* A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?



*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

*Dol.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard<sup>50</sup>; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel<sup>51</sup>; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a wheel<sup>52</sup> have his ears cut off?

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon<sup>53</sup>, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Dol.* Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*P. Hen. Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

*Fal.* A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. Hen.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. — [Leaning his hand upon Doll.

*Dol.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine <sup>54</sup>, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

*Host.* 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraise him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

*P. Hen.* For the women,——

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment

upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law: for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so; What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now? what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster;  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met and overtook, a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P. Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bard.*]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the

night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.  
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff' and Bardolph.*]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honestest, and a truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,——

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

*Host.* O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

*[Exit Page.]*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell<sup>ss</sup>?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*K. Hen.* Why then, good morrow to you all, my  
lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of our king-  
dom

How foul it is: what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine:—  
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Hen.* O heaven! that one might read the book  
of fate;  
And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
'Tis not ten years gone,  
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
Who like a brother toild in my affairs,  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by <sup>56</sup>,  
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[*To Warwick.*

When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which*  
*My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—*  
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;  
But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—  
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,*

*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition,  
And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:  
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
And, by the necessary form of this,  
King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities:—  
And that same word even now cries out on us;  
They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord;  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,  
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth,  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel:  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, and Servants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on: give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood<sup>57</sup>. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed sir; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly:

I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers<sup>ss</sup> in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonarobas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.



*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i'the clout at twelve score<sup>59</sup>; and carry'd you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half<sup>60</sup>, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead!

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backsword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated <sup>61</sup>, than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

*Shal.* No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

[*To Shallow.*

*Moul.* I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir John.

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as

many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

*Bull.* O lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

*Bull.* O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields.

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba <sup>62</sup>. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that



that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death!—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* 'Faith I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf<sup>63</sup>.

*Fal.* Go to; well.

*Shal.* Come, sir John, which four will you have?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John sir, John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket<sup>64</sup>. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may

with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver<sup>65</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show<sup>66</sup>,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.*—I would you would, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.  
[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull street<sup>67</sup>; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights<sup>68</sup>. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire<sup>69</sup>; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the

case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,



And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy :  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them  
out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

*Mowb.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace ;  
What doth concern your coming ?

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,  
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary ;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to graves<sup>70</sup>, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion:  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience:  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
(Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

*Arch.* <sup>71</sup> My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

*West.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part; and to us all,

That feel the bruises of the days before;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

*Mowl.* What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,

Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman ;  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have  
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and  
love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doated on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience : and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowl.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :  
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,

Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—  
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no  
parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear, and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended in the general's name:  
I muse, you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:—  
Each several article herein redress'd;  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;  
We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you,  
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:  
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame!  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.



*Arch.* My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit West.*

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom, tells  
me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,

As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,

That every slight and false derived cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

Shall, to the king, taste of this action:

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That e'en our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is  
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances <sup>72</sup>:

For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,

Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;

And keep no telltale to his memory,

That may repeat and history his loss

To new remembrance: For full well he knows,

He cannot so precisely weed this land,

As his misdoubts present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement:  
So that his power, like a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true;—  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your  
lordship,  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name then  
set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we  
come. [*Excunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter from one side MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

*P. John.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin  
Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—  
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text;  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deep you were within the books of God?  
To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;

The very opener, and intelligencer,  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
 And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,  
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;  
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.*                      Good my lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace:  
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time disorder'd doth, in common sense<sup>73</sup>,  
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the  
    court,  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,  
 With grant of our most just and right desires;  
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
 To the last man.

*Hast.*                      And though we here fall down,  
 We have supplies to second our attempt;  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:

And so, success of mischief shall be born<sup>74</sup>;  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
 Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,  
 How far-forth you do like their articles?

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow them well:  
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
 My father's purposes have been mistook;  
 And some about him have too lavishly  
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—  
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
 As we will ours; and here, between the armies,  
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;  
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
 Of our restored love, and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word:  
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain, [*to an Officer.*] and deliver to the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:  
 I know it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely: but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd; Hark,  
how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us; that we may peruse the men



We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already:  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south; or like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the  
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow-  
bray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable?

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt* <sup>75</sup>.

### SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat,

they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past<sup>76</sup>, follow no further now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and imma-

culate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not, here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*P. John.* Is thy name Colevile?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Colevile, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

*[Exeunt some with Colevile.]*

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand<sup>77</sup> my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. *[Exit.]*

*Fal.* I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh<sup>78</sup>;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and

then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive<sup>79</sup>, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If



I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,--to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb<sup>80</sup>, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King* HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P. Humph.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at  
Windsor.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,  
with him?

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence  
here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou may'st effect,  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:  
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
 As humorous as winter<sup>s<sup>1</sup></sup>, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day<sup>s<sup>2</sup></sup>.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Tho-  
   mas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
   Thomas?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied? can'st thou tell  
   that?

*Cla.* With Poins, and other his continual fol-  
   lowers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds:  
 And he, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him  
quite:

The prince but studies his companions,  
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the lan-  
guage,

'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,  
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her  
comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new happi-  
ness

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law;  
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;  
With every course, in his particular.

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of!  
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news  
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health: or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:

O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty! .

*Cla.* O my royal father!

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Cla.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:  
The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure<sup>83</sup>, that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*P. Humph.* The people fear me; for they do ob-  
serve

Unfather'd heirs<sup>84</sup>, and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb be-  
tween:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say, it did so, a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me  
hence

Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King to an inner part of the  
room, and place him on a bed.*]



Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the musick in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of Clarence?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now! rain within doors, and none  
abroad!

How doth the king?

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince,  
speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with  
us?

*P. Hen.* No; I will sit and watch here by the  
king. [*Exeunt all but Prince Henry.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
 To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!  
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,  
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my fa-  
 ther!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
 That from this golden rigol<sup>85</sup> hath divorc'd  
 So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
 Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:  
 My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's  
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call?

*War.* What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege, Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*P. Humph.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?——

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

*[Exit Warwick.]*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains  
    with care,  
Their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets;  
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next  
    room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the  
    crown?

*Re-enter Prince HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey,  
Lords, &c.*]

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation<sup>86</sup>:

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
For now a time is come to mock at form,  
Harry the fifth is crown'd :—Up, vanity !  
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness !  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :  
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :  
England shall double gild his treble guilt <sup>87</sup> ;  
England shall give him office, honour, might :  
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,  
[*Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;  
And he that wears the crown immortally,  
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,  
Than as your honour, and as your renown,



Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die;  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in med'cine potable<sup>88</sup>;*  
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head!  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace<sup>89</sup>: all these bold fears,  
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all thy friends<sup>90</sup>, which thou must make thy  
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut them off<sup>91</sup>; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
<sup>92</sup> How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:  
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be:  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,  
 Lords, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,  
 son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,  
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

*P. Hen.* My lord of Warwick!

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to God!—even there my life  
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—

But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Glocestershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter* SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

*Shal.* <sup>93</sup> By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you <sup>94</sup>; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why Davy!

*Enter* DAVY.

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must

needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the bill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship.



The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal.* Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit Shallow.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual

laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.  
[*Exit Falstaff.*]

## SCENE II.

*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,  
WESTMORELAND, and others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

*P. Humph. Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to  
speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made  
us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace  
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see, that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission<sup>95</sup>.—  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter King HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;  
This is the English, not the Turkish court<sup>96</sup>;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. John, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me:—and you most;  
[*To the Ch. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me?

What? rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:  
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
Be now the father, and propose a son:  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part.  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—  
What I have done, that misbecame my place;  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this  
well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words;  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son:  
And not less happy, having such a son,  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice.—*You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;  
With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,



As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;  
You shall be as a father to my youth:  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—  
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—  
My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections;  
And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now;  
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament:  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go  
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;  
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*]

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And (God consigning to my good intents,)  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—  
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Glostershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grassing, with a dish of caraways<sup>97</sup>, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.*

*And praise heaven for the merry year;*

*When flesh is cheap and females dear,*

*And lusty lads roam here and there,*

*So merrily,*

*And ever among so merrily.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; [*Seating Bardolph and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface<sup>98</sup>! What you want in meat we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.  
[*Exit.*]

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;* [*Singing.*]

*For women are shrews, both short and tall:*

*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*

*And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

*Be merry, be merry, &c.*

*Fal.* I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats<sup>99</sup> for you.

[*Setting them before Bardolph.*]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

[*To Bard.*]*—A cup of wine, sir?*

*Sil.* *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [*Singing.*]

*And drink unto the leman mine;*

*And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence!

*Sil.* *Fill the cup, and let it come;*

*I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief? [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks! [*Exit Davy.*]

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

*Sil.* *Do me right,*

[*Singing.*]

*And dub me knight.*

*Samingo* <sup>100</sup>.

Is't not so?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court? let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol?

*Pist.* God save you, sir John!

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* B'yr lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barson 'ot.

*Pist.* Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee?

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Sil.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

*Shal.* Under king Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth.  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all



night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bard.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

*Where is the life that late I led, say they:*

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*London. A Street.*

*Enter* Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess Quickly, *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie<sup>102</sup>. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst

better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer <sup>103</sup>! I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottled-rogue <sup>104</sup>; you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles <sup>105</sup>.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

*Host.* O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Dol.* Goodman death! goodman bones!

*Host.* Thou atomy thou!

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom*. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH,  
and the Page.

*Fal.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight!

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me,—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* :  
'Tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;  
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's  
snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

*Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice  
among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal.

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal  
imp of fame!

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain  
man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits? know you what  
'tis you speak?

*Fal.* My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my  
heart!

*King.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!  
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;  
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape  
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:—  
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:  
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile<sup>106</sup>.  
 For competence of life, I will allow you;  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—  
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—  
 Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his train.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you  
 to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do  
 not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private

to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,——

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta* <sup>107</sup>.

[*Exeunt Fal. Shal. Pist. Bard. Page, and Officers.*]

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd, till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.



*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,

Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come will you hence <sup>108</sup>? [Exeunt.]

## E P I L O G U E

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gen-

tlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Old-castle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

# ANNOTATIONS

UPON

## THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

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### INDUCTION.

‘ *Enter Rumour—*] This speech of *Rumour* is not inelegant or unpoetical, but is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama.

JOHNSON.

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*] This the author probably drew from Holinshed’s *Description of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence.

“ Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled

“ In crimson sattin, *full of toongs*, or chronicles.”

Vol. 3. p. 805. This however might be the common way of representing this personage in masques, which were frequent in his own times.

WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had

long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the same manner:

“ A goodly lady, envyrned about

“ With *tongues* of fyre.”——

And so had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants,

“ *Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing

“ *Thoughe* with *tonges* I am compassed all  
arounde.”

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte*. FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> —*painted full of tongues*.] This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *Rumour is a pipe*—] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone*,] Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote,

*And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —*rowel head*—] I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*some hiding fellow—*] For *hilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> —*like to a title-leaf,*] It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*so woe-be-gone,*] The word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe*. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Your spirit—*] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son.

JOHNSON.

<sup>10</sup> *Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*] The contradiction in the first part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition, I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading.

Bard. *Yet for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*

North. *I see a strange confession in thine eye;  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;*



*And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,  
Not he that saith the dead is not alive.*

Morton. *Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.*

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

<sup>11</sup> *'Gan vail his stomach,]* To vail is to lower, to let down.

<sup>12</sup> *—buckle under life.]* Buckle is to bend or yield to pressure.

<sup>13</sup> *The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown, &c.]* There is no consonance of metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts, therefore, I suspect our author wrote, as I have reformed the text,

*The rugged'st hour, &c.* THEOBALD.

<sup>14</sup> *And darkness be the burier of the dead.]* The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease.

JOHNSON.

<sup>15</sup> *You cast the event of war—*] The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakspeare himself. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio.

JOHNSON.

<sup>16</sup> *The gentle archbishop—*] These one and twenty lines were added since the first edition.

<sup>17</sup> *Tells them, he doth lestride a bleeding land,*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and lestride me, so; it is an office of friendship.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>18</sup> *What says the doctor to my water?*] The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Caius, the founder of the college in Warwick-lane, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a physician, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors them-

selves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, describes an apothecary thus:

“———his house is set round with patients twice  
“ or thrice a day, and because they’ll be sure not to  
“ want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an  
“ urinal with him.”

Again, in B. and Fletcher’s *Scornful Lady*:

“ I’ll make her cry so much, that the physician,  
“ If she fall sick upon it, shall want *urine*  
“ To find the cause by.” STEEVENS.

<sup>19</sup> *Thou whoreson mandrake,*] Mandrake is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

<sup>20</sup> *I was never mann’d with an agate ’till now:]* Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford Editor alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought): but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals. WARBURTON.

<sup>21</sup> *To bear a gentleman in hand—]* Doctor Johnson says, *to bear in hand*, is, *to keep in expectation*.

<sup>22</sup> —*if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,*] That is, *if a man by taking up goods is*

in their debt. To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase to be *in with* a tradesman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>23</sup> *I bought him in Paul's,—*] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post.

WARBURTON.

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

“Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade.” STEEVENS.

<sup>24</sup> *A wassel candle, &c.*] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb.

JOHNSON.

<sup>25</sup> *—like his ill angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himself in this passage! Besides, if this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring lost puns: but if the author wrote a pun, and it happens to be lost in

an editor's indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. THEOBALD.

“As *light* as a clipt angel,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

<sup>26</sup> *I cannot tell:—*] I cannot pass current. I cannot be *told*, or *reckoned* as valuable.

<sup>27</sup> —*coster-monger times,—*] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money.

JOHNSON.

<sup>28</sup> *never spit white again.*] i. e. May I never have my stomach heated again with liquor; for, to *spit white* is the consequence of inward heat.

So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594,

“They have sod their livers in sack these forty years; that makes them *spit white broth* as they do.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>29</sup> —*you are too impatient to bear crosses.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff has just asked his lordship to lend him *a thousand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is coin so called, because stamped with a cross.

So in *Love's Labour lost*, act i. scene 3.

“———*crosses* love him not.”

So in *As you like it*,

“If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.”

And in Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, 1562. —

“*Of makyng a Crosse.*”

“ I will make a *crosse* upon this gate, ye *crosse* on  
 “ Thy *crosses* be on gates all, in thy purse none.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>30</sup> — *a three-man beetle.*] A beetle wielded by three men.

POPE.

<sup>31</sup> *Let us on, &c.*] This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakspeare after his first edition.

POPE.

<sup>32</sup> — *within my vice.*] Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good.

POPE.

<sup>33</sup> — *honey-suckle villain—honey-seed rogue!—*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide.

THEOBALD.

<sup>34</sup> — *a parcel-gilt goblet,*] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold.

<sup>35</sup> — *this sneap—*] A Yorkshire word for *rebuke*.

POPE.

*Sneap* signifies to *check*; as children easily *sneaped*; herbs and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>36</sup> *German hunting in water-work,*] i. e. *in water-colours*.

<sup>37</sup> *Althea dream'd—*] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom.

JOHNSON.



38 —*the Martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. JOHNSON.

39 —*the honourable Roman in brevity.*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of stile. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici* seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. REVISAL.

40 —*frank*—] *Frank* is *style*.

41 —*the Sneak's noise*;—] Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noise of musicians* anciently signified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakspeare) there is this passage:

“ ———there came the young prince, and two or  
“ three more of his companions, and called for wine  
“ good store, and then they sent for a *noyse of musi-*  
“ *tians,*” &c.

Falstaff addresses them as a company in the tenth scene of this play.

So again in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, printed 1598, the count says,

“ Oh that we had a *noise of musicians*, to play to  
“ this antick as we go.”

Again in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

“ Why, Sir George send for Spindle’s *noise*  
“ presently.”

Again in the Comedy of *All Fools*, by Chapman,  
1602,

“ ———you must get us music too,  
“ Call in a cleanly *noise*, the rogues grow  
“ lousy.”

Again in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster,  
1607,

“ ——All the *noise* that went with him, poor fel-  
“ lows, have had their fiddle-cases pull’d over their  
“ ears.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>43</sup> —*Utis*:—] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some  
countries, signifying a merry festival, from the French  
*huit, octo*, ab A. S. Eahtra. *Octavæ festi alicujus*.——  
Skinner.

POPE.

<sup>43</sup> Your brooches, pearls, and owches:] *Brooches*  
were chains of gold that women wore formerly about  
their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with  
diamonds.

POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we  
give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different  
from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves  
not a laborious research.

JOHNSON.

<sup>44</sup>—*a tame cheater*,—] Gamester and cheater were,  
in Shakspeare’s age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson  
has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>45</sup> *If you play the saucy cuttle with me.*] It appears

from Greene's *Art of Conny-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife with which the sharpers of that age cut out the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle.

STEEVENS.

<sup>46</sup> *Have we not Hiren here?*] I have been told, that the words—*have we not Hiren here*, are taken from a very old play, entitled, *Hiren, or the Fayre Greeke*, and are spoken by Mahomet when his Bassas upbraided him with having lost so many provinces through an attachment to effeminate pleasures. Pistol, with some humour, is made to repeat them before Falstaff and his messmates, as he points to Doll Tear-sheet, in the same manner as the Turkish monarch pointed to *Hiren (Irene)* before the whole assembled divan. This dramatic piece I have never seen; and it is mentioned only in that very useful and curious book *The Companion to the Play-house*, as the work of W. Barkstead, published in 1611. Of this play, however, I suppose there must have been some earlier edition.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks; or, Who would have thought it?* the same quotation is likewise introduced, and on a similar occasion. The prince Polymetes says,

“What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?”

“*Have we not Hyren here?*”

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*,

“*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren  
“here.

“ *Cook*. Syren! ’twas *Hiren* the fair Greek,  
“ man.”

STEEVENS.

The part of Pistol is made up, almost entirely, of scraps of old, absurd and bombastic plays. Mr. Steevens, whose industry of research was unwearied, has succeeded in discovering a number of the originals. Where, however, he was prevented by time and the moths, the stile of Pistol is sufficient evidence how much of his speeches are quotations. It must have been matter of inexpressible delight to the giant mind of Shakspeare, to amend, imperceptibly almost, the sentiments and expressions of his countrymen, by holding up to ridicule these contemptible performances.

<sup>47</sup> *And hollow-pamper’d jades of Asia.*] These lines are in part a quotation out of an old play, entitled, *Tamburlain’s Conquests; or, The Scythian Shepherd*.

THEOBALD.

<sup>48</sup> —*feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lyon’s flesh on his sword:

“ Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calypolis.”

And again, in the same play,

“ Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no  
“ more.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>49</sup> —*thy neif:*] *Neif* is the *fist*.

<sup>50</sup> *Tewksbury mustard*—] Tewksbury is a market town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted

for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts.

GRAY.

<sup>52</sup> *Eats conger and fennel.*] *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonson in his *Bartholomew-fair*,—"like  
" a long-lac'd *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll  
" of it."

<sup>52</sup> —*this nave of a wheel*—] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before.

JOHNSON.

<sup>53</sup> —*the fiery Trigon*—] William Bulleyne, in his *Dialogue both pleasart and pietifull*, published in 1564, says, "Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholerike, governing hot and drie thinges, and this is called *the fierie triplicitie*." The prince, in the former speech, had introduced astrology by remarking (on seeing Doll kiss Falstaff) what Ficinus says never happens, "Saturn and Venus are  
" in conjunction." Bardolph's red face could not here be permitted to escape. Poins compares it to the *Trigon*, or the meeting of the planets in one of the fiery houses.

<sup>54</sup> —*candle-mine*—] Thou *inexhaustible magazine of tallow*!

<sup>55</sup> *A watch-case, &c.*] This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather,

but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. HANMER.

<sup>56</sup> —*which of you was by*—] He refers to *King Richard*, act v. scene 2. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>57</sup> —*by the rood*,] i. e. the *cross*.

<sup>58</sup> —*swinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says, “*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the “*swash-buckler*.”

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, “——when I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I “could have *swing'd a sword and buckler*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>59</sup> —*he would have clapp'd i'the clout*—] i. e. *His the white mark*.

<sup>60</sup> —*a fourteen and fourteen and half*,] That is, fourteen *score* of yards.

<sup>61</sup> —*accommodated*—] *Accommodate* was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us: “You “are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of “the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, “&c. but use them properly in their places as others.” Discoveries. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *ex-*



*ceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*; as in the instance before us.

WARBURTON.

The same word occurs in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*,

“ Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-  
“ staff:

“ The woman does not understand *the words of*  
“ *action.*”

<sup>62</sup> —*bona-roba*—] *Bona-roba* was, in our author's time, the common term for a strumpet. It is used in that sense by B. Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others.

STEEVENS.

<sup>63</sup> *I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.*] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit.

JOHNSON.

<sup>64</sup> —*he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders.

JOHNSON.

<sup>65</sup> —*a caliver*—] A hand-gun.

<sup>66</sup> *I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,*] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight Sir Dagonet, is from Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ *Boy*. Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have  
“ a grocer’s prentice to court a king’s daughter.

“ *Cit*. Will it so, Sir? You are well read in his-  
“ tories; I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was  
“ he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the  
“ play of *The Four Prentices of London*, where they  
“ toss their pikes so,” &c. THEOBALD.

The story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d’Arthure*, an old Romance much celebrated in our author’s time, or a little before it. “ When pa-  
“ pistry,” says Ascham in his *School-master*, “ as a  
“ standing pool, overflowed all England, few books  
“ were read in our tongue saving certain books of  
“ chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure;  
“ which books, as some say, were made in monas-  
“ teries by idle monks. As one for example, *La*  
“ *Mort d’Arthure*.” In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur’s fool. Shakspeare would not have shewn his *justice* capable of representing any higher character. JOHNSON.

*Arthur’s show* seems to have been a theatrical representation made out of the old romance of *Morte Arthure*, the most popular one of our author’s age. Sir Dagonet is king Arthur’s squire.

Theobald remarks on this passage, “ The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy knight  
“ (Sir Dagonet) is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in  
“ their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.”

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Knight of the Burning Pestle* have not observed that

the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem*; as it hath been diverse Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1612. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his squire, &c. so in Heywood's play four apprentices accoutre themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or first scene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he "will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things."

Again, act i. scene 1. Rafe says, "Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf! My elder brother Tim shall be my trusty squire, and George my dwarf."

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, act iv. scene 1.

“ *Boy*. It will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer’s prentice court a king’s daughter.

“ *Cit*. Will it so, Sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you who was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they toss their pikes so.”

In Heywood’s comedy, Eustace the grocer’s prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion.

“ *Cit*. Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child.

“ *Boy*. Believe me, Sir, that will not do so well; ’tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull.”

A circumstance in Heywood’s comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher’s play is pure burlesque. Heywood’s is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances.

WARTON.

<sup>67</sup> *Turnbull-Street*—] Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse* his *Supplication*, commends the sisters of *Turnbull-street* to the patronage of the devil.

<sup>68</sup> —fancies—goodnights—] *Fancies* and *Goodnights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne’s *Goodnights* is published among his *Flowers*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>60</sup> *Vice's dagger*—] By vice here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.

THEOBALD.

<sup>79</sup> *Turning your looks to graves,*] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

<sup>71</sup> *My brother-general, the commonwealth, &c.*] The sense is this, “My brother general, the common-  
“wealth, which ought to distribute its benefits  
“equally, is become an enemy to those of his own  
“house, to brothers born, by giving some all, and  
“others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel  
“or grievance that honours are unequally distri-  
“buted;” the constant birth of male-contents, and source of civil commotions.

WARBURTON.

In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the explication of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus,

*My quarrel general, the common-wealth,*

*To brother born an household cruelty,*

*I make my quarrel in particular.*

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is public mis-

management; my *particular* cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that the second line has any relation to the beheading of the lord Scroop. It must be confessed, indeed, that to have complained of this murder would have been very natural in the archbishop; but I am convinced, by the answer of Westmoreland and the retort of Mowbray, that he did not do it.

*West.* ———— it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him *in part*, and to us all?

Surely if Scroop made the death of *a brother* the cause of his quarrel, it was the height of insolence in an opponent to say it was *not* his concern, and the height of folly in a friend to say it concerned him *in part*, with the rest of the nation. I do not know that the critics will be satisfied with my emendation, but as I have pleased myself by the alteration of a single letter, I will, at least, run the risk of submitting it to their judgment.

My brother general, the commonwealth,

(To brother born *as* household cruelty,)

I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, 'As an act of cruelty [or injustice] to one brother becomes cause of complaint [or quarrel] to another brother: so [cruelty or] injustice to the commonwealth at large, every member of which is, in a political sense, my brother, I take upon myself, as my particular [quarrel or] grievance.'



<sup>72</sup> *Of vanity and such picking grievances.] Picking means piddling, insignificant.*

<sup>75</sup> *—in common sense,]* I believe Shakspeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by self-defence.

WARBURTON.

*Common sense* is the *general* sense of *general* danger.

JOHNSON.

<sup>74</sup> *—success of mischief—]* for *succession* of mischiefs.

<sup>75</sup> *Exeunt.]* It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrible violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>76</sup> *The heat is past—]* i. e. the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge.

<sup>77</sup> *—stand, my good lord, in your good report.]* We must either read, *pray* let me *stand*, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus: *Give me leave to go—and—stand.* To *stand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to persist; and Falstaff did not ask the prince to persist in his present opinion.

JOHNSON.

<sup>78</sup> *—a man cannot make him laugh;—]* Falstaff speaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety cannot easily be melted into kindness.

JOHNSON.

<sup>79</sup> *—forgetive—]* From *forg*; inventive, imaginative.

<sup>80</sup> *I have him already tempering between my finger and thumb.*] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax.                      WARBURTON.

<sup>81</sup> *As humorous as winter—*] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind.      JOHNSON.

<sup>82</sup> *As flaws congealed in the spring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*.                      WARBURTON.

So Ben Jonson, in *the Case is alter'd*, 1609,

“ Still wrack'd with winds more foul and con-

“ trary

“ Than any northern gust, or southern *flaw*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>83</sup> *—the mure—*] The *mure*, is, the *wall*. French, *mur*.

<sup>84</sup> *Unfather'd heirs—*] That is, Equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation.                      JOHNSON.

<sup>85</sup> *—rigol—*] *Rigol* means a *circle*. It is still used about Exeter.

<sup>86</sup> *Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:]* Thou hast confirmed my opinion of thee.

<sup>87</sup> *—shall double gild his treble guilt;]* Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must

make a difference between what Shakspeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind; therefore such lines by no means to be esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope (who judiciously threw out this line) not one of Shakspeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author.

WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is indeed such as disgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on the flinty hearts*; and the answer which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

<sup>88</sup> —*med'cine potable*—] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

<sup>89</sup> —*wounding supposed peace*—] *Supposed* for undermined.

<sup>90</sup> *And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,*] Mr. Tyrwhitt suggests that we should read, *And all MY friends which thou must make THY*

*friends.* This emendation is plausible, and, perhaps, is the true reading: the passage, however, is intelligible as it stands at present. *All those whom I leave disposed to be thy friends, and whom it will be thy interest to preserve so by circumspection and acts of policy.*

<sup>91</sup> *I cut them off—*] Mr. M. Mason's remark is very proper in this place. The king is advising the prince, as the passage stands, to make those men his friends whom he has already cut off. His emendation is, "I cut some off."

<sup>92</sup> *How I came by the crown, &c.*] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment.

JOHNSON.

<sup>93</sup> *By cock and pye—*] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, as well as by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says,

"—By cock they are to blame."

*Cock* is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, *by cock's mother*, and some others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, shewing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the reformation, was called by the Greeks Πιναξ, or the index. Though the word Πιναξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its

metaphorical sense it signifies *σανις εξωγραφημενη*, a painted table or picture; and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painter's tables hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *Πινακες*, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, *Πι's* or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows,—“ Moreover, the number  
“ and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the  
“ manifold changes,” &c.

RIDLEY.

<sup>94</sup> *I will not excuse you*—] The sterility of justice Shallow's wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest.

WARBURTON.

<sup>95</sup> *A ragged and forestall'd remission*—] *Ragged* has no sense here. We should read,

*A rated and forestall'd remission.*

i. e. A remission that must be sought for, and bought with supplication.

WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *fore-*

*stall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge.

JOHNSON.

<sup>96</sup> *This is the English, not the Turkish court.*] Not the court where the prince who mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. In Shakspeare's time, as Knolles relates, this act of cruelty was committed on his brethren by Mahomet the son of Amurath, emperor of the Turks.

<sup>97</sup> —*a dish of carraways*—] Dr. Warburton says there was a *comfit* or *confection*, in our author's time, called by this name; and Goldsmith says, it was the name of an apple. *Cogan*, however, an old writer contemporary with our poet, informs us in his *Haven of Health*, that with apples and other windy fruits, it was the custom to eat a quantity of *carraways*.

<sup>98</sup> —*proface*—] Italian, *profaccia*; that is, *much good may it do you*.

<sup>99</sup> —*leather coats*—] Apples; the same as *russetines*.

HENLEY.

<sup>100</sup> —*Samingo*.] In one of Nash's plays, intituled, *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1604, Bacchus sings the following catch:

“ Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpass

“ In cup, in can, or glass;

“ God Bacchus do me right

“ And dub me knight.

“ Domingo.”

Perhaps *Domingo* is only the burthen of some old song.

STEEVENS.



<sup>101</sup> —goodman *Puff* of Barson.] *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and *Solyhull*.

<sup>102</sup> *Nut-hook*—] A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Conny-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy, intitled, *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following passage—"She's the king's *nut-hook*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest bows to his hand."

STEEVENS.

<sup>103</sup> —*thin man in a censer*—] These old censers of thin metal had generally on the lid the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender, a *laten bilboe*.

<sup>104</sup> —blue-bottled *rogue*—] The *blue-bottle* is the flesh fly. Dr. Johnson supposes the name to be given to the beadle from the colour of his livery.

<sup>105</sup> —*half-kirtles*—] A *half-kirtle* was, I suppose, the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dress'd they say—Such a

one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1612—" forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>106</sup> *Not to come near our person by ten miles.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action, and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON.

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that " K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide

“ with him in his court; and to all that would per-  
 “ severe in their former like conversation, he gave  
 “ express commandment, upon pain of their heads,  
 “ never after that day to come in his presence.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>107</sup> *si fortuna me tormenta, spera me contenta.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads, “ Si fortuna me tormenta, il  
 “ sperare me contenta,” which is undoubtedly the  
 true reading, but perhaps it was intended that Pistol  
 should corrupt it.

JOHNSON.

Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who  
 vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may  
 read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits,*  
*and Fancies.*

“ Si fortuna me tormenta

“ Il speranza me contenta.”

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South*  
*Sea*, 1593, throws out the same gingling distich on  
 the loss of his pinnacle.

FARMER.

<sup>108</sup> *Come, will you hence?*] I fancy every reader,  
 when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona,  
 “ O most lame and impotent conclusion!” As this  
 play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by  
 the author, I could be content to conclude it with the  
 death of Henry the Fourth.

*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*

These scenes which now make the fifth act of *Henry*  
*the Fourth* might then be the first of *Henry the*  
*Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very com-  
 modiously to either play. When these plays were

represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.



KING HENRY V.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.





# REMARKS

ON THE

PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION

OF

KING HENRY V.

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KING HENRY V.] This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. POPE.

The transactions comprised in this historical drama commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

THEOBALD.

There are two more entries of a play of *Henry V.* viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14th, 1600. I have two copies of it in my possession: one without date (which seems much the elder of the two) and another (apparently printed from it) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alsop (who was printer of the other edition) and sold by the same person and at the same place. Alsop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600, and was afterwards one

of the twenty appointed by decree of the star-chamber to print for this kingdom. I believe, however, this piece to have been prior to that of Shakspeare for several reasons. First, because it is highly probable that it is the very "displeasing play" alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—*for Oldcastle died a martyr.* Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety from the first scene to the last. —Secondly, because Shakspeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in some measure the story of the two parts of *Henry IV.* as well as of *Henry V.* and no ignorance, I think, could debase the gold of Shakspeare into such dross; though no chemistry but that of Shakspeare could exalt such base metal into gold.——When the Prince of Wales in *Henry IV.* calls Falstaff *my old lad of the Castle*, it is probably but a sneering allusion to the deserved fate which this performance met with; for there is no proof that our poet was ever obliged to change the name of Oldcastle into that of Falstaff, though there is an absolute certainty that this piece must have been condemned by any audience before whom it was ever represented.

Lastly, because it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed) from the *Jests* of the famous comedian Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown in *Henry V.* and though this character does not exist in our play, we find it in the other, which, for the reasons al-

ready enumerated, I suppose to have been prior to this.

This anonymous play of *Henry V.* is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation. As much of it appears to have been omitted, we may suppose that the author did not think it convenient for his reputation to publish a more ample copy. STEEVENS.

This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided.

JOHNSON.

## *Persons Represented.*

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KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of GLOSTER, } *Brothers to the King.*  
Duke of BEDFORD, }

Duke of EXETER, *Uncle to the King.*

Duke of YORK, *Cousin to the King.*

Earls of SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Bishop of ELY.

Earl of CAMBRIDGE, } *Conspirators against the King.*  
Lord SCROOP, }  
Sir THOMAS GREY, }

Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN,  
MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King HENRY'S Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to FALSTAFF, now Soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *Servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES the Sixth, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of FRANCE.

RAMBURES, and GRANDFREE, *French Lords.*

Governor of HARFLEUR. MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

*Ambassadors to the King of ENGLAND.*

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *Daughter of CHARLES and ISABEL.*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess KATHARINE.*

QUICKLY, *PISTOL'S Wife, and Hostess.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.*

*The SCENE, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.*

*Enter CHORUS.*

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,  
Within this wooden O<sup>1</sup>, the very casques<sup>2</sup>,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest, in little place, a million;  
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work<sup>3</sup>:  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance<sup>4</sup>:



Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hourglass; For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

# KING HENRY V.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*London. An Antichamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question.

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,

Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses, right well supply'd;  
And to the coffers of the king, beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came<sup>5</sup>,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scouring faults;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in musick:  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still<sup>6</sup>,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;  
 So that the art and practick part of life  
 Must be the mistress to this theorick:  
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration  
 From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;  
 And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best;  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
 How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
 How now for mitigation of this bill  
 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty  
 Incline to it, or no?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent;  
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:  
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
 Upon our spiritual convocation;  
 And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty;  
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)  
 ' The severals, and unhidden passages,  
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;  
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this  
 off?

*Cant.* The French ambassador, upon that instant,  
 Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,  
 To give him hearing: Is't four o'clock?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy;  
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLO'STER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle.

*West.* <sup>s</sup> Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* God, and his angels, guard your sacred  
throne,

And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.* Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate<sup>9</sup>, whose right



Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
 Shall drop their blood in approbation  
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to:  
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  
 How you awake the sleeping sword of war;  
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
 That make such waste in brief mortality.  
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:  
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
 As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and  
 you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  
 To this imperial throne;—<sup>1°</sup> There is no bar  
 To make against your highness' claim to France,  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,*  
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:

Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.  
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France:  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of king Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great  
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
"To fine his title with some show of truth,  
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)  
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
 Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,  
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd  
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain :  
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great  
 Was re-united to the crown of France.  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
 To hold in right and title of the female :  
 So do the kings of France unto this day :  
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience, make  
 this claim ?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !  
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
 When the son dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors ;  
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English, that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France;  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action!

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the  
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know, your grace hath cause, and  
means, and might;  
So hath your highness; never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality

Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French;

But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers  
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;  
Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,  
my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,

But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,  
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;  
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,  
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

<sup>12</sup> *If that you will France win,*

*Then with Scotland first begin:*

For once the eagle England being in prey,

To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;

Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,

To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home:

Yet that is but a curs'd necessity;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,

The advised head defends itself at home;

For government, though high, and low, and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;

Congruing in a full and natural close,

Like musick.

*Cant.* True; therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,

Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey bees;

Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach



The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts:  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey<sup>13</sup>;  
The poor mechanick porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one concent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's center;  
So may a thousand actions, once a-foot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
If we, with thrice that power left at home,

Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
Let us be worried; and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness, and policy.

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the  
Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help;  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,  
Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May it please your majesty, to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:

Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.*

Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble galliard won;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle?

*Exe.*

<sup>14</sup> Tennis-balls, my liege.

*K. Hen.* We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant  
with us;

His present and your pains, we thank you for.  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces <sup>15</sup>. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to 'gun-stones'<sup>16</sup>; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand wi-  
dows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,  
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

*[Descends from his throne.]*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
That may give furtherance to our expedition:  
For we have now no thought in us, but France;  
Save those to God, that run before our business.  
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,  
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,  
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,  
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

*[Exeunt.]*

## A C T II.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air;  
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!  
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted  
men,—  
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,



Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,  
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—  
Have for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)  
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)  
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on; and well digest  
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
The king is set from London; and the scene  
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

### SCENE I.

*The same. Eastcheap.*

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph<sup>17</sup>.

*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles<sup>18</sup>;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends: and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

*Nym.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*Pist.* Base tike, call'st thou me—host?  
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym. draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.  
[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:  
For I can take; and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not 'Barbason'<sup>10</sup>; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little,

in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale. *[Pistol and Nym draw.]*

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *[Draws.]*

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.— Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound; Push home.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;— Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins,  
we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Southampton. A Council-Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!



As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely fa-  
vours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP,  
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will  
aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of  
Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your  
thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;  
Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that: since we are well per-  
suaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,  
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* Even those, that were your father's enemies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;  
And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil;  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person: we consider,  
It was excess of wine that set him on;  
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security:  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him  
life,

After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us!—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—  
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes;

Who are the late commissioners?

*Cam.* I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood

Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault;  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey. Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—  
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge  
here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,  
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!  
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
'That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
'That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not hoop at them:  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:  
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
From glistening semblances of piety;  
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions—I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
20 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?  
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;

Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?  
Such, and so finely bouted, didst thou seem:  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,  
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—  
And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Tho-  
mas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;  
And I repent my fault, more than my death;  
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not seduce;  
Although I did admit it as a motive  
The sooner to effect what I intended:  
But God be thanked for prevention;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
Prevented from a damned-enterprize:



My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign<sup>21</sup>.

*K Hen.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his cof-  
fers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.  
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

*[Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.]*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof  
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,  
But every rub is smoothened on our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
Our puissance into the hand of God,  
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:  
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

*Enter* PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, NYM, BARDOLPH,  
and Boy.

*Quick.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—  
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child<sup>22</sup>; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with

any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone<sup>23</sup>; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose: and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
 And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;  
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.  
 Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms<sup>24</sup>,  
 Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;  
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy.* And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewel, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but  
 adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee  
 command.

*Quick.* Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*France.* *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the  
 Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.*

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power  
 upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant:  
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
 It fits us then, to be as provident  
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
 Left by the fatal and neglected English  
 Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in ques-  
   tion,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war in expectation.  
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
 And let us do it with no show of fear;  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her scepter so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
 That fear attends her not.

*Con.* O peace, prince Dauphin!  
 You are too much mistaken in this king:  
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception, and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution, —  
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting  
A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we king Harry strong;  
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,  
That haunted us in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame,  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;  
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain stand-  
ing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—  
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem



Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Henry King of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience.  
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*  
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward  
dogs  
Most spend their mouths <sup>25</sup>, when what they seem to  
threaten,  
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head:  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother England?

*Exe.* From him; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,

Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line,

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative;  
Willing you, overlook this pedigree;  
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;  
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head  
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further:  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him; What to him from England?

*Exe.* Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,  
That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will: for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind  
at full.

*Exe.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our  
king

Come here himself to question our delay;

For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair  
conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,

To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene  
flies,

In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.  
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
Upon the hempen tackle, shipboys climbing:  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,  
Born with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,  
You stand upon the rivage<sup>26</sup>, and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;  
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?

Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes  
back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
With linstock<sup>27</sup> now the devilish cannon touches,  
*[Alarum; and chambers go off.]*  
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

*The same. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness, and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:



Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head<sup>23</sup>,  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base<sup>29</sup>,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide:  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.  
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,  
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt  
not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!  
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

*[Driving them forward.]*

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould<sup>30</sup>!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

*[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLUELLEN.]*

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three stwashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bar-

dolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. *[Exit Boy.]*

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*Flu.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the counter-mines<sup>31</sup>: by Cheshu, I think, a' will plow up all, it there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

*Flu.* It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think, it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

*Gow.* How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish la, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to sa-

tisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction o' the military discipline; that is the point.

*Jamy.* It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

*Mac.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done; so Chrish sa' me, la.

*Jamy.* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

*Mac.* Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being



as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end <sup>32</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governour and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter King HENRY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governour of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;  
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
As send précepts to the Leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villainy.  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,  
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:  
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;  
For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* *The King, &c. enter the town.*

### SCENE IV<sup>33</sup>.

*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* *Alice, tu as esté eu Angleterre, et tu parles  
bien le language.*

*Alice.* *Un peu madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignex; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingers.*

Kath. *La main, de hand! les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie. De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

*Kath.* De neck: *Et le menton ?*

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. *Le col, de neck: le menton, de sin.*

*Alice.* *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

*Kath.* *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

*Alice.* *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

*Kath.* *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

*Alice.* *De nails, madame.*

*Kath.* *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

*Alice.* *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

*Kath.* *Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neek; et de sin: Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe ?*

*Alice.* *De foot, madame; et de con.*

*Kath.* *De foot, et de con ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.*

*Alice.* *Excellent, madame !*

*Kath.* *C'est assez pour une fois; alors nous a disner.*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.*

*Fr. King.* 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river  
Some.

*Con.* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

*Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
bastards!

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten<sup>34</sup> isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this  
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,



Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,  
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
To new-store France with bastard-warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high<sup>35</sup>, and swift corantos;  
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjôy the herald? speed  
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
High dukes; great princes, barons, lords, and knights,  
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons<sup>36</sup> painted in the blood of Harfleur:  
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
 Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot, into Roüen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.*

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
 Montjôy;

And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roüen.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. K.* Be patient, for you shall remain with us:—  
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, captain Fluellen? came you from  
 the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Flu.* Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:  
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to

signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;  
For he hath stol'n a *pix*<sup>37</sup>, and hanged must 'a be.  
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain<sup>38</sup>!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

*Flu.* Very good.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and 'a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.



*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY* <sup>39</sup>.

*Mont.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Hen.* Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,  
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought, upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me God,  
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;  
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;  
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
The sum of all our answer is but this:  
We would not seek a battle as we are;  
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;  
So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-  
ness. [Exit Montjoy.]

*Glo.* I hope, they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;  
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII.

*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURLS,  
the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—  
'Would, it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs<sup>40</sup>; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,—*

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers <sup>41</sup>.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast of that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier:* thou makest use of any thing.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who

would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think, he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.



*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate<sup>42</sup>.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this

king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by  
ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus.* Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe<sup>43</sup>.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
    night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch:  
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry,—Praise and glory on his head!  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note,  
How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night:  
And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;  
Minding true things, by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

## SCENE I.

*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,

And preachers to us all; admonishing,

That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham<sup>44</sup>:

A good soft pillow for that good white head

Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Bedford.*]

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.*

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit Erpingham.*]

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st  
cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* *Qui va lá?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.



*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame;  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

*K. Hen.* Harry *le Roy*.

*Pist.* *Le Roy*! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish  
crew?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
Upon saint David's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap  
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee then!

*K. Hen.* I thank you: God be with you!

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.]

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So; in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak  
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal  
'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and  
laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the  
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great,

you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.*

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

*Bates.* I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you?

*K. Hen.* Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die

any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money; be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to

answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle; war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to

see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun<sup>45</sup>! that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.



*Will.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou dar'est as well be hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king <sup>46</sup>! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.  
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!  
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy?  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is the soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The entertissued robe of gold and pearl,

The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

<sup>47</sup> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour, to his grave:  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.*

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

*Erp.*

I shall do't, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to day, O

Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown!  
I Richard's body have interred new;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:  
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon<sup>48</sup>.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*The French Camp.*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMEURES, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

*Dau.* *Montez a cheval*:—My horse! *valet! lac-*  
*quay! ha!*

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via*<sup>49</sup>!—*les eaux et la terre*——

Orl. *Rien puis ? l'air et le feu*——

Dau. *Ciel !* cousin Orleans.——

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable !

*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service  
neigh.

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their  
hides ;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them <sup>so</sup> with superfluous courage : Ha !

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French  
peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to  
horse !

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
'There is not work enough for all our hands ;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheath for lack of sport : let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe<sup>51</sup>;  
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonuance<sup>52</sup>, and the note to mount:  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE'.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of  
France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
I'll-favour'dly become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand<sup>53</sup>: and their poor  
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;  
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit<sup>54</sup>  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,



Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words,  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay  
for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh  
suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

#### *The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle.

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore  
thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are  
fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:  
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—  
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go  
with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

*Bed.* He is as full of valour, as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*West.* O that we now had here

*Enter King HENRY.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he, that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian<sup>55</sup>:  
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—to-morrow is saint Crispian:  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered:  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
'This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
That fought with us upon saint Crispin's day.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with  
speed :  
The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward  
now !

*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-  
land, cousin ?

*West.* God's will, my liege, 'would you and I  
alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out !

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-  
sand men ;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places : God be with you all !

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, king  
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow :

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,  
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
 The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind  
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls  
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
 From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor  
                  bodies

Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.*                   Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back;  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
 The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet  
                  them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark then a bounding valour in our English;  
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse of mortality<sup>57</sup>.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable

We are but warriors for the working day:  
Our gayness, and our guilt, are all besmirc'h'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)  
And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:  
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then  
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thou thy labour;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:  
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for  
ransom.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,  
march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE IV.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Enter French Soldier,  
PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de  
bonne qualité.*

*Pist.* Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art  
thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O seigneur Dieu!*

*Pist.* O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—  
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—  
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez misericorde! ayex pitié de moy!*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;  
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,  
In drops of crimson blood.

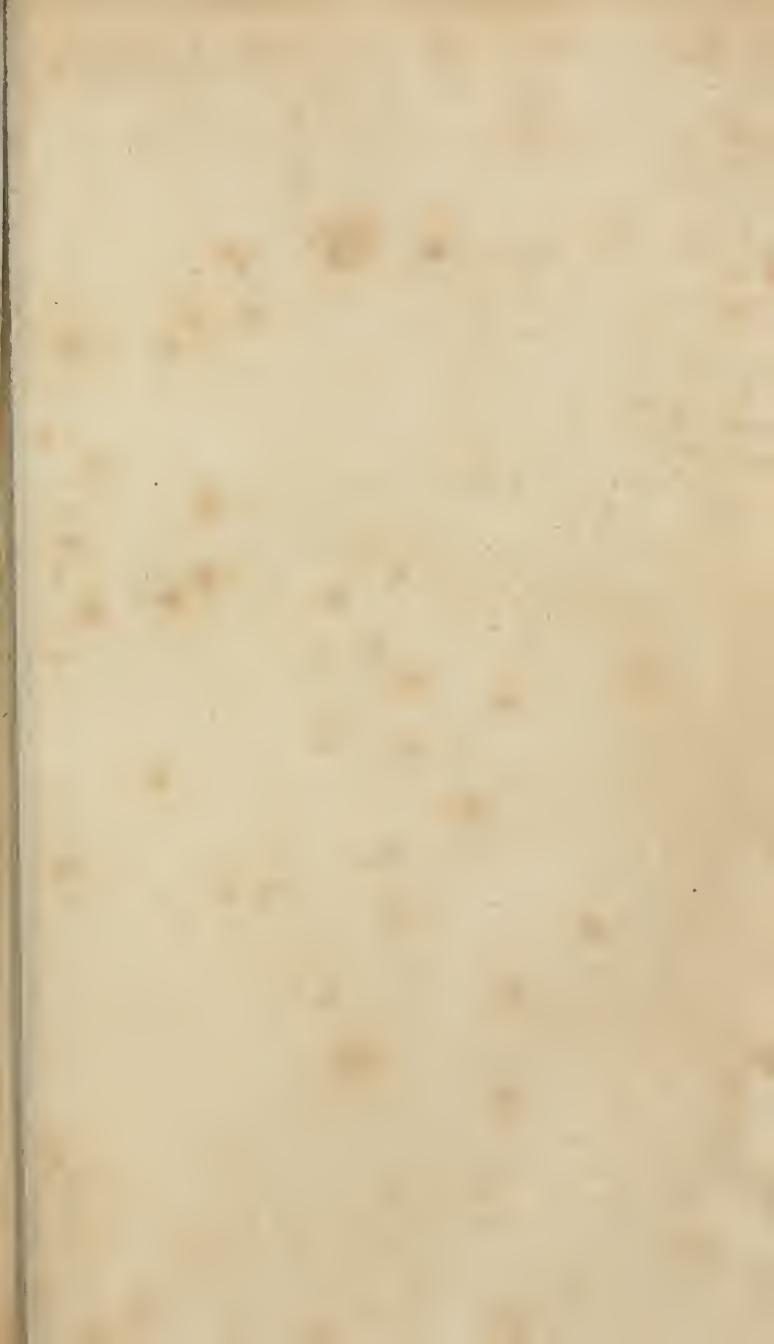
*Fr. Sol.* *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de  
ton bras?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur <sup>59</sup>!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

*Fr. Sol.* *O pardonnez moy!*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys <sup>60</sup>?—



# SHAKESPEARE



## KING HENRY V.

Re Sol. *C'prometz misericorde /ayer pitie de moy*  
 Hist. *they shall not serve: I will have forty more*  
*but I will sende they run out at thy throat.*  
*In drops of crimson blood, act IV. sc 2.*

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,  
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus*

*que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes geneux, je vous donne mille remerciemens : & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me, cur. *[Exit Pistol.]*

*Boy.* *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

*[Exit French Soldier.]*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play<sup>61</sup>, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. *[Exit.]*



## SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON,  
Constable, RAMBURES, and others.*

*Con. O diable !*

*Orl. O seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !*

*Dau. Mort de ma vie !* all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune !*

Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau.* O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but  
shame !

Let us die instant : Once more back again ;  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,  
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,  
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !  
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives  
Unto these English, or else die with fame.

*Orl.* We are enough, yet living in the field,



To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;  
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY and Forces; EXETER,  
and others.*

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,  
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)  
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud, -- *Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;  
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry !*

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :  
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand<sup>62</sup>,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says,— *Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.*

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not ;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*

But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :—

Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;

Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage<sup>63</sup>! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of 'the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in

the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.*

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France,  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field: they do offend our sight:  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;  
And make them skir away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;  
And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

*Enter MONTJOY.*

*Exe.* Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now! what means this, herald?  
know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?  
Com'st thou again for ransom?

*Mont.* No, great king: .

I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them;  
To sort our nobles from our common men;  
For many of our princes (woe the while!)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;  
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds  
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,  
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength,  
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't  
please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward  
the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the  
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: If your ma-  
jesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did goot  
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing  
leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty  
knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the



service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour:  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welch plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy, and others.*]

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to

take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath; if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [Exit.]

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if

thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

*K. Hen.* Know'st thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.

*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pe-seech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot towards you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu.* Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir? you villain!

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu.* Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows<sup>64</sup>, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter King HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.



*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

*[Delivers a paper.]*

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken,  
uncle?

*Exe.* Charles duke of Orleans<sup>65</sup>, nephew to the  
king;

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:  
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;  
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;  
Great master of France, the brave sir Guischard  
Dauphin;

John Duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,  
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy;  
 And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
 Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,  
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!——  
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another paper.*]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:  
 None else of name; and, of all other men,  
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss,  
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
 For it is only thine!

*Exe.* 'Tis wonderful!

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village:  
 And be it death proclaim'd through our host,  
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,  
 Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to  
 tell how many is kill'd?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-  
 ment,  
 That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites;

Let there be sung *Non nobis, and Te Deum*<sup>66</sup>.

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,

We'll then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

## - ACT V.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chor.* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd  
sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>67</sup> 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;  
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:  
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne  
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,  
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens!  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:  
 As, by a lower but by loving likelihood<sup>68</sup>,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress  
 (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:  
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them;) and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France;  
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.  
[Exit.

### SCENE I.

*France. An English Court of guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; But why wear you your  
 leek to-day? saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.



*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*  
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I swear.

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

# SHAKSPEARE



## KING HENRY V.

*Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of  
my leek, or I will heat his pate four days:  
Peter I pray you, it is good for your green  
wound and your bloody coxcomb. Act V. Sc. 1.*



*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat!

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welch correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit*<sup>69</sup>.

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i'the spittal Of malady of France;  
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
 And patches will I get unto these scars,  
 And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French  
 King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER,  
 EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other  
 Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL,  
 the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the  
 Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are  
 met!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,  
 Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes  
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;  
 And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)  
 We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—  
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
 So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,



As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,—



Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate such savagery :  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;  
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country ;  
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire<sup>70</sup>,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour,  
You are assembled : and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniencies,  
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
peace,  
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands ;

Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which,  
as yet,

There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursory eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,  
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—  
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with  
them;

• Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with  
us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the forc-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.*]

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou can'st speak no better English;

for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king<sup>71</sup>, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure<sup>72</sup>, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate,

take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall: a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France,*



*Et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, Et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, i'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard<sup>73</sup>? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?



*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy: and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

*Kath.* Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill-layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry

Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, & damoiselles, pour estre baiseés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, en English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment.*

*K. Hen.* O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth<sup>74</sup>: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his

true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield: as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content! so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*West.* The king hath granted every article:  
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,  
According to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—  
Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French—<sup>75</sup> *Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest:  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood  
raise up  
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

*All.* Amen!

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage:—on which  
day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;



In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd

This star of England: fortune made his sword;

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd <sup>76</sup>,

And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England  
bleed :

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exeunt.*

# ANNOTATIONS

UPON

## KING HENRY V.

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<sup>1</sup> *Within this wooden O—*] i. e. A circumference of so small dimensions as the stage of a theatre?

<sup>2</sup> *—Casques—*] The helmets.

<sup>3</sup> *—imaginary forces—*] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And make imaginary puissance :*] This shows that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye, but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Consideration like an angel came—*] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The air, &c.*] This line, as Dr. Johnson well remarks, is exquisitely beautiful.

<sup>7</sup> *The severals and unhidden passages.*] Mr. Mason thinks this line corrupt, and that we should read, *several*, instead of *severals*.

<sup>8</sup> *Shall we call in—*] Here began the old play.

<sup>9</sup> —*miscreate*—] Spurious, illegitimate.

<sup>10</sup> *There is no bar, &c.*] This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the second, folio* iv. xx. xxx. xl. &c. In the first edition it is very imperfect, and the whole history and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards set right, and corrected from the original, Hall's *Chronicle*. POPE.

<sup>11</sup> *To fine his title, &c.*] *Fine* is here used as an opposition to *corrupt* in the next line. Holinshed says, 'to make his title *seem true* though it was stark *naught*.'

<sup>12</sup> *If that you will, &c.*] Hall's *Chronicle*.

<sup>13</sup> —kneading *up the honey*;) To *knead* the honey gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakspeare perhaps did not know.

JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—lading *up the honey*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>14</sup> *Tennis-balls, my liege*—] In the old play of *King Henry V.* already mentioned, this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet*.

STEEVENS. .

<sup>15</sup> —*Chaces*—] Chace is a term at tennis.

<sup>16</sup> —his balls to *gun-stones*;) When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone.

JOHNSON.

<sup>17</sup> —*lieutenant Bardolph*.] At this scene begins the connexion of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indis-

tinged, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays.

JOHNSON.

<sup>18</sup> ———*there shall be smiles*—] I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that shall be as it may*. But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin.

WARBURTON.

I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countenance in any of our ancient manuscript plays: neither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical phrase used by this humourous character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuation of Pistol's friendship, might have added, *when time serves, there shall be smiles*, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him.

STEEVENS.

<sup>19</sup> *I am not Barbason*;] Barbason is the name of a dæmon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

<sup>20</sup> *O, how hast thou, &c.*] Shakspeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes

the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

<sup>21</sup> *My fault, but not my body, pardon—*] One of the conspirators against Queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: “a culpâ, *but not a pœnâ, absolve me, most dear lady.*” This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and our author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNSON.

<sup>22</sup> —*christom child—*] The *christom* [or *chrisom*] was a white cloth, used to cover children with at their baptism. Mr. Whalley says that when the mother came to be churched this *chrisom* was no longer worn by the infant. Mrs. Quickly, therefore, means by a *christom* child, one who dies shortly after having received the sacrament of baptism.

<sup>23</sup> —*as cold as a stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to *K. Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the

scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here, for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON.

<sup>24</sup> —*clear thy crystals.*] *Dry up thy tears, dry thine eyes.*

<sup>25</sup> —*spend their mouths.*] *To spend the mouth, to give mouth, or tongue, is the sporting term for to bark.*

<sup>26</sup> —*rivage*—] *is shore, French.*

<sup>27</sup> —*linstock*—] The linstock is the staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.

<sup>28</sup> —*the portage of the head,*] *Portage, open space, from port, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification.* JOHNSON.

<sup>29</sup> —*confounded base*—] *Confounded* means here *destroyed or worn.*



<sup>30</sup> —*men of mould!*] *Mould is earth. Men of mould, are, mortals.*

<sup>31</sup> —*four yards under the countermines:*] Flueilen means, that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*. JOHNSON.

<sup>31</sup> —*there's an end*] It were to be wished, that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.

<sup>33</sup> SCENE IV.] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

“Kate. *Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.*”

JOHNSON.

We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many editions most certainly were after he had left the stage.—Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*: or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

<sup>34</sup> —nook-shotten *isle of Albion*.] *Shotten* signifies any thing *projected*: so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain.

WARBURTON.

<sup>35</sup> *And teach lavoltas high*,] Sir T. Hanmer observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakspeare mentions it more than once; but never so particularly as the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610:

“ Be pleas’d, ye powers of night, and ’bout me skip  
 “ Your antick measures; like to coal-black Moors  
 “ Dancing their high *lavaltoes* to the sun,  
 “ Circle me round: and in the midst I’ll stand,  
 “ And crack my sides with laughter at your sports.”

<sup>36</sup> *Pennons*—] In the battles of former days, when the sword and spear gave greater opportunity of exhibiting particular prowess, the several knights had each his arms painted on a little flag which was born

by one of his descendants into the field. This was called a *pennon* or *pendant*.

<sup>37</sup> *For he hath stol'n a pix,]* The old editions read—*pax*. “And this is conformable to history,” says Mr. Pope, “a soldier’ (as Hall tells us) being hang’d at this time for such a fact.”——Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *stolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* both clergy and people kiss’d one another. And this was called *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of *Peace*. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kissed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box,) in which the consecrated *host* was used to be kept. “A foolish soldier,” says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, “stole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hostes within the same contained.” THEOBALD.

<sup>38</sup> —*the fig of Spain.*] Mr. Steevens says, this has allusion to the Spanish custom of giving a poisoned fig to such as were objects of revenge.

<sup>39</sup> *Enter MONTJOY.*] *Mont-joie*, under the French monarchy, was the title of the principal king at arms.

<sup>40</sup> *He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs;]* i. e. like a tennis-ball, which is stuffed with hairs.

<sup>41</sup> —*strait trossers—]* This word very frequently

occurs in the old dramatick writers. A man in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to an Irish servant, says, "I'll have thee flead, and *trossers* made of thy skin, to tumble in." *Trossers* appear to have been tight breeches—The kerns of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait trossers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which sits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written—*trowsers*. STEEVENS.

<sup>42</sup> —'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

<sup>43</sup> *Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"——following darkness like a dream."

Besides, the image he employs shows he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet. WARBURTON.

There is a better proof, that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth*:

"Now o'er the *one half* world

"Nature seems dead."

But there was no great need of any justification. The

*universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

<sup>44</sup> —*old Sir Thomas Erpingham:*] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. EDWARDS'S MS.

<sup>45</sup> *That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.*] In the old play [the quarto, 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon*, or a subject against a monarch. JOHNSON.

I do not know what Dr. Johnson understands by an *elder gun*, nor whether, from his remark, he considers it a piece of *superior* musquetry which, nevertheless, is not able to cope with a cannon. Shakespeare certainly meant by it a *pop-gun*, out of which toy boys shoot pellets of paper, and which they make from an *elder-stick* with the pith bored out.

<sup>46</sup> *Upon the king, &c.*] This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. POPE.

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation



of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

<sup>47</sup> *Can sleep so soundly, &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

<sup>48</sup> *Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.*] I am sensible that every thing of this kind (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it. HEATH.

<sup>49</sup> *Via!*] *Via* means in this place *come along*, or, *let us go*, and was anciently used so, like the French, *allons*.

<sup>50</sup> *And dout them—*] *To dout* is to *put out* [*do out*.] Whoever has lived in Devonshire, will recognise it as a word of daily use.

<sup>51</sup> —*such a hilding foe*;] *Hilding* means *low*, *base*, *mean*.

<sup>52</sup> *The tucket-sonuance—*] He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chace for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. JOHNSON.

<sup>53</sup> —————*like candlesticks*

*With torch-staves in their hand:*] Candlesticks



in very ancient times bore the semblance of various figures: some of them were fashioned like a man with the sockets in his two hands.

<sup>54</sup> —*the gimmel bit*—] *Gimmel* is a *ring*: therefore, as Dr. Johnson says, a *gimmel-bit*, is a bit formed of several *rings* or *parts* which play one within another.

<sup>55</sup> —*the feast of Crispian*:] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows:—"Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the governor of the town discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints." *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*, folio edit. p. 76. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 47.

GREY.

<sup>57</sup> *Killing in relapse of mortality*.] That this allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered.

JOHNSON.

<sup>58</sup> *We are but warriors for the working day,*] i. e. we are but meanly caparisoned, we have no taudry clothes upon us.

<sup>59</sup> *Brass, cur!*] Either Shakspeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his overfondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*, that Pistol should reply *Brass, cur?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

<sup>60</sup> —*a ton of moys?*] *Moy* is a coin; Hence a *moidore* or *moi d'or*, a golden *moy*.

<sup>61</sup> —*this roaring devil i'the old play,*] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger.

<sup>62</sup> —*raught*—] i. e. *reached*.

<sup>63</sup> *Kill the poys and the luggage!*] The baggage, during the battle (as King Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered, and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, ordered all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French

runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed.

THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain.

JOHNSON.

<sup>64</sup> —into *plows*,] Mr. Heath reads, *in two plows*.

<sup>65</sup> *Charles Duke of Orleans, &c.*] This list is a copy from Holinshed and Hall.

<sup>66</sup> *Do we all holy rites*;] The king (say the Chronicles) caused the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the psalm, *Non nobis Domine, &c.*) to be sung after the victory.

POPE.

<sup>67</sup> —*whiffler*—] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *huissier*.

HANMER.

<sup>68</sup> —*likelihood*—] Likelihood for similitude.

WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, since re-

visal became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

*As by a low, but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low*? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he *is lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>69</sup> *Doth fortune play the huswife, &c.]* That is, the jilt.

<sup>70</sup> —diffus'd *attire,*] *Diffus'd* for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act III. Gower says, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c. is wonderful to be thought on.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>71</sup> —*such a plain king,*] I know not why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is *not to revel into duchies, or win provinces with a*

*nimble galliard.* The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity.

JOHNSON.

<sup>72</sup> —*no strength in measure,*] i. e. *in dancing.*

<sup>73</sup> —*go to Constantinople, &c.*] Shakspeare forgets that the Turk was not in possession of Constantinople, till more than thirty years after the death of Henry.

<sup>74</sup> —*my condition is not smooth:*] *Condition* here stands for *temper*.

<sup>75</sup> *Notre tres cher filz—and thus in Latin—Præclarissimus filius—*] What, is *tres cher* in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin! We should read *Præcarissimus*.

WARBURTON.

This is exceeding true, but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected had he been acquainted with the languages.

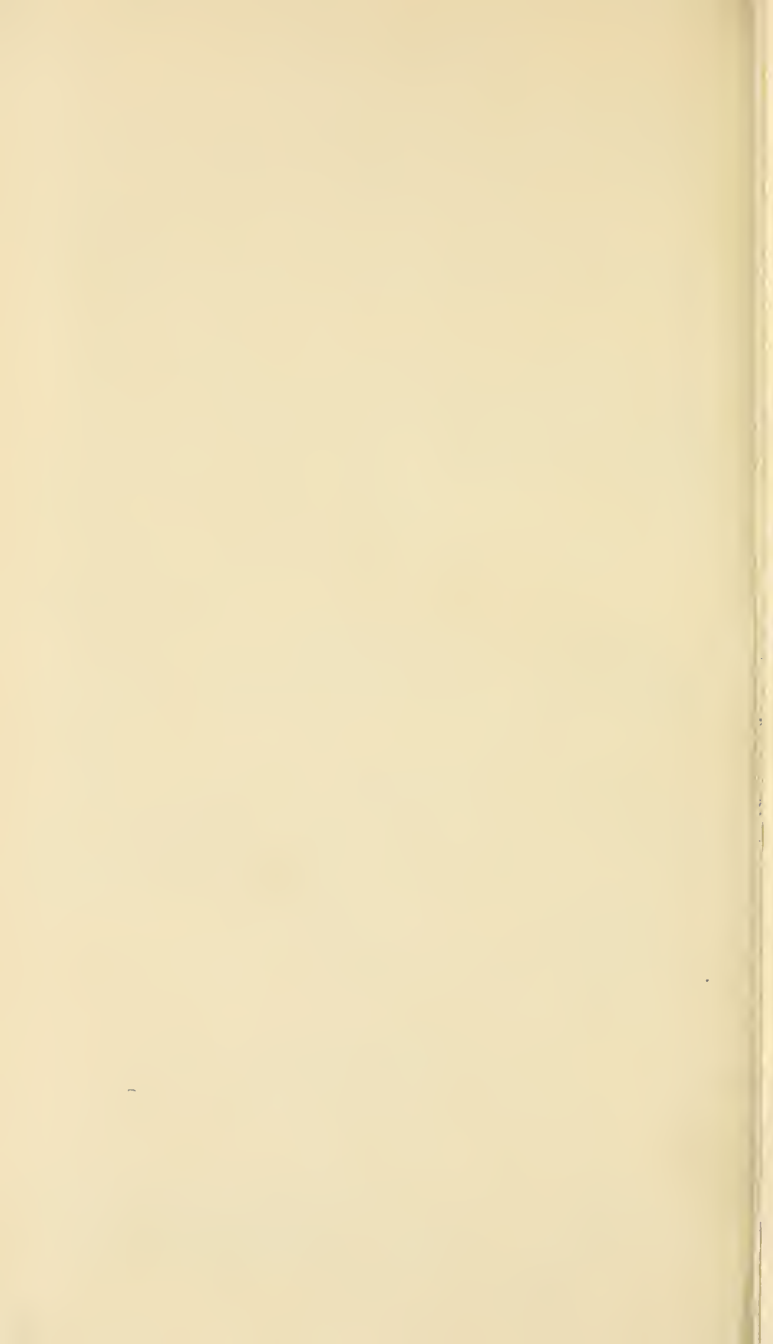
FARMER.

<sup>76</sup> —*the world's best garden—*] meaning, *France*.

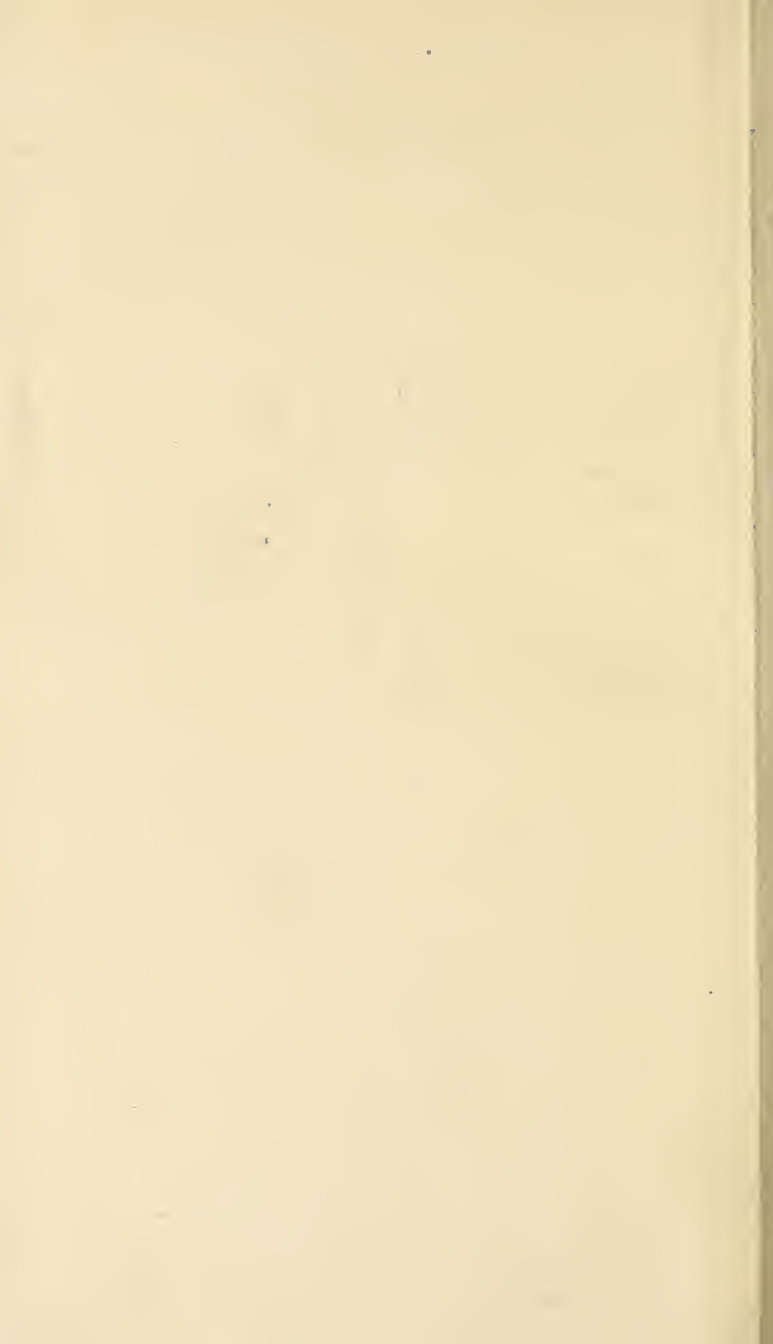
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